# NEW YORK CLIPPER

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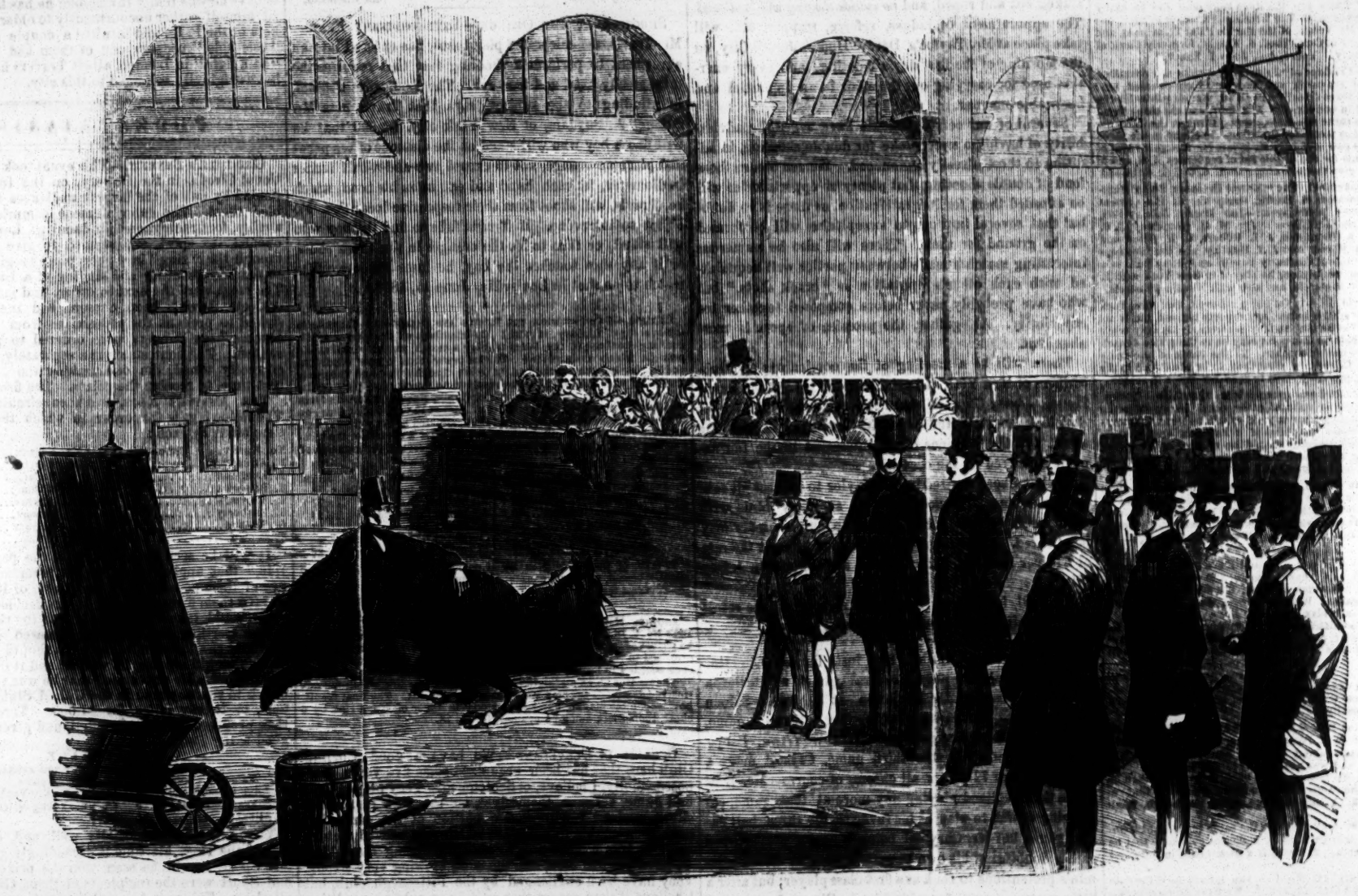

EXHIBITION BY THE AMERICAN HORSE-TAMER IN THE PRESENCE OF HER MAJESTY AND THE COURT, AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

In our Journal of last week we recorded the skill of Mr. Rarey, an American, in training the horses at the Royal stables at Windsor Castle before her Majesty and the Court. Upon this occasion Mr. Rarey clearly proved his skill in taming the horse, and completely subjecting him, however wild, vicious or intractable, to his will and mastery. On Saturday Mr. Rarey repeated his feats of skill in the riding-house attached to the Royal mews at Buckingham Palace before the Queen, the Prince Consort, the Princess Royal, the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, and other members of the Royal family, with the ladies of the Court, and most of the foreign Princes and distinguished visitors then in London, including Prince Frederick William of Prussia, the Prince of Prussia, Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, Prince Albert of Prussia, Prince Frederick Albert of Prussia, Prince Adalbert of Prussia, Prince Hohenzollern Sigmaringen, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the Duke of Brabant, the Count of Flanders, Prince William of Baden, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and Prince Julius of Holstein Gluckburg. The Duke of Wellington, Major-General Sir Richard Airey; Lord Alfred Paget, Clerk Marshal; Colonel Hood, Clerk Marshal to the Prince Consort; and Major Groves Crown Equerry, were also present.

On the previous occasion the subjects on which Mr. Rarey operated were three in number. One was a fine spirited black horse, of high nervous temperament, which had been returned to Mr. Anderson, of Piccadilly, of whom he had been bought for a large sum of money, on the ground of his being restive and all but unmanageable. This animal, it is but right to say, had been seen and handled by Mr. Rarey, at Mr. Anderson's stables, previous to his being taken to Windsor. At the first interview with the horse in Piccadilly he was placed in a loose-box, which Mr. Rarey entered, cracking a whip, when the animal struck out his hind legs, and uttered a kind of savage yell. The company who had assembled to witness the experiment were then asked to withdraw, and Mr. Rarey was left alone with the horse. On being called in again, in less than a quarter of an hour, they were amazed to find the horse prostrate on his side among the straw in the stall, with his head slightly raised, and Mr. Rarey, whom he was eyeing without the least symptom of alarm, lying beside him. Mr. Rarey remained with him in this position for some time, during which he knocked the horse's fore and hind hoofs together, made a pillow of his thighs, and finally got up and ran a heavy wheelbarrow up to and around the still prostrate creature, without producing in him the slightest sensation of fear.

On a subsequent day, in the presence of another company, the mastery of Mr. Rarey over the same horse, which he had seen in the interval, had become so complete that when laid on his side in a loose-box a plank was placed against his shoulder in sight of the horse, and a barrow run up it. He never moved. A drum was also beaten on his back and an umbrella opened in his very face; but he remained stock-still, and evinced no sign of apprehension. The same horse was afterwards put through a course of similar treatment at Windsor before the Queen.

The next subject on which Mr. Rarey experimented before the Court on that occasion was a young unbroken colt, brought from a farm of Prince Albert in the vicinity, which had never been handled, and which Mr. Rarey had never before seen. This colt was led into the riding-school at Windsor in a halter, and left alone with the horse-trainer, who intimated a wish that the company should retire for a few minutes to the further end of the building. This request, it ought to be stated, was dictated simply because, for the present, and for purposes of his own, Mr. Rarey wishes to preserve his own secret. After the laps of about a quarter of an hour, the Royal party returned, and then they saw, as in the former case, this wild colt lying on the ground, and the horse-tamer by his side, who sat upon him and handled his legs and feet—a process during which the creature remained wholly passive. After Mr. Rarey had parted with the colt, a handsome bay charger, belonging to the Prince Consort, was brought to him in the riding-school. This horse, one of high spirit, has always shown great restlessness while being mounted, and a constant tendency to take fright. In a short time the horse-tamer had him down also, as submissive as all the rest, and was seen crawling among his legs, sitting upon his shoulders and hips, and knocking his hoofs together. Then, bidding the horse rise, which he did instantly, Mr. Rarey jumped upon his back and held by turns an umbrella over his head and beat a tattoo on a drum, the hitherto proud, restless animal, now remaining almost as motionless as a statue. A question now arose among the spectators whether Mr. Rarey's treatment was capable of being communicated to others and practiced by them with equal success, or whether it was a thing peculiar to himself. It is said that Sullivan, the "horse-whisperer," as he was designated from the extraordinary power he acquired over the animal, either could not or would not impart his secret to any one, and the inference among horsemen has long been that it was incommunicable.

To show that Mr. Rarey's power is not a thing personal to himself, he has, since his exhibition of it at Windsor, communicated the secret of it to Major-General Sir Richard Airey, Lord Alfred Paget, and Colonel Hood, under the most stringent obligations, of course, that they will not disclose it to others; and Lord Alfred Paget, who is now as much a horse-tamer as Mr. Rarey, on Saturday gave a successful exemplification of his skill before her Majesty, the Prince Consort, and their august visitors, taking for his subject a beautiful dapple grey pony belonging to the Prince of Wales. Lord Alfred was left alone with the pony for a few minutes in the riding-school, and on the admission of the Royal party it was prostrate on the ground, with his Lordship sitting, caressing it, handling its feet and legs, resting on its haunches, and in all respects treating it in a manner proving its complete subjection to him. That over, Mr. Rarey appeared with the black horse from Anderson's, in Piccadilly (already referred to), and his mastery over which he showed in a variety of way. Placing himself at one end of the riding-school, he called to the animal, which he had left at the other, and it immediately cantered towards him in a playful manner. It lay down at his bidding, or followed him like a dog round a building. When down, a plank was laid upon his shoulder, up which Lord Alfred Paget ran a wheelbarrow. Finally, when the horse had regained his legs, he was mounted by Mr. Rarey, who sat on the animal's crupper with his back to the head, beating a drum and cracking a whip over him, this treatment resulting in neither motion nor fear on the part of the horse. One of the fine stud of cream-colored horses belonging to her Majesty was next subjected to the manipulation of Mr. Rarey, with an equally successful and surprising result, so far as laying the animal down was concerned. This animal of late has never permitted any one to ride him; but he allowed Mr. Rarey to mount him without offering the least resistance. With this the exhibition terminated, and the Queen and her illustrious visitors, by whom it was witnessed with the most evident tokens of interest and wonder, took their departure.

The principle on which Mr. Rarey goes is one of extreme kindness and tenderness towards the animal, the object being to convince him that man is his natural master and friend, and to elicit his confidence and kindly regard. Mr. Rarey appeals to what he calls "the intellect and affections of the horse," and states that this is the secret of all his success. He is a slightly-made man about thirty years of age, the son of a stock farmer and breeder of horses, who lived in Franklin county in the State of Ohio, and is himself engaged in a similar occupation at a place called Groveport, about ten miles from Columbus, the capital of that State. From boyhood he is stated to have exhibited an intense fondness for horses and a remarkable aptitude for breaking and training them after the old fashion, until he discovered this more humane system of treatment, which he has since practiced with the greatest success in his native State; in many cases horses having been reclaimed in a perfectly wild condition from the American prairs. He is accompanied to this country by Mr. Goodenough, a gentleman of long standing and respectability as a merchant and amateur breeder of horses in the city of Toronto, who brings letters of recommendation to the Government from Sir Edmund Head, Governor-General of Canada, and Lieutenant-General Sir William Eyre, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Canada.

Mr. Rarey has determined to open a subscription list of ten guineas each for persons desirous of learning the new method of subjugating and educating the horse, and when the subscribers amount to five hundred, classes will be formed to receive the necessary instructions (under certain conditions to be agreed to at the time of subscribing) at the riding-school of the Duke of Wellington, who has kindly placed the building at the disposal of Mr. Rarey.

We have ourselves seen sufficient to be convinced of the *humanity* and efficaciousness of this mode of subjugating one of our most useful animals, and believe that very soon the plague of a restive and unable horse will be unknown.

Mr. Rarey has received permisson to publish the following certificate:—

We, the undersigned, have great pleasure in being able to state that we have been instructed by Mr. John S. Rarey in his art of subduing that noble animal, the horse, which enables us to say that there is nothing in Mr. Rarey's treatment other that what all horsemen will approve—no medicines, mesmeric or other influence, than sound practical common sense, and what any one of ordinary ability may effect with certain success; in fact, it is perhaps the only human system in which the animal can be subdued without any risk of injury to "man" or "horse," and is invaluable to the the treatment of young and unbroken horses, as it cannot fail to tame the wild-est colt.

RICHARD AIREY.
ALFRED PAGET.
H. W. WOOD.

[*London Illustrated News*, Jan. 30.

## GRAMMAR IN RHYME.

We advise every little grammarian just entering on Murray, Brown, or any of the thousand grammars in use, to commit to memory the following easy lines, and then they never need mistake a part of speech. Who the author is we do not know, but he deserves immortality. With but one exception—"Thirty days hath September," &c.—it is the most useful poetical effusion we ever met with:

1. Three little words you often see,
   *Are* Articles—*a*, *an*, and *the*.
2. A Noun's the name of any thing,
   *As* school or garden, *hoop* or *swing*.
3. Adjectives tell the kind of Noun,
   As *great*, *small*, *pretty white*, or *Brown*.
4. Instead of Nouns the Pronouns stand—
   *Her* head, *his* face, *your* arm, *my* hand.
5. Verbs tell of something to be done—
   To *read*, *count*, *sing laugh jump*, or *run*.
6. How things are done the *Adverbs* tell,
   As *slowly quickly ill*, or *well*.
7. Conjunctions join the words together—
   As *men and women*, *wind or* weather.
8. The Preposition stands *before*
   A Noun, as *in or through* a door.
9. The Interjection shows surprise,
   As *oh!* how pretty—*ah!* how wise.

The whole are called *Nine Parts of Speech*,
Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

A CURIOUS FACT.—It is a curious fact that the blind horse almost always has a good coat in winter and a bad one in summer; but we are not aware that any one has ever been able to assign a satisfactory reason for it.

# NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1858.


## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Brown, Milwaukie.—1. The "Original Christy Minstrels," under the management of Mr. E. P. Christy, located themselves permanently, at Mechanics Hall, in this city, in the year 1847, but they traveled through the South and West for some time previous to that; and we believe Mr. Christy fixes the date of the organization of the company sometime during the year 1842. 2. According to our record of the origin and progress of Negro Minstrelsy in this country, as conducted at the present day, Messrs. Dan Emmett, Frank Brower, Billy Whitlock, and Dick Pelham, may be said to be the originators. In the spring of 1841, Dick Pelham, who was attached to the Chatham Theatre, in some trivial capacity, was about to take a benefit; to assist in the attractions, Messrs. Emmett, Brower, Whitlock, and Pelham, conceived the idea of performing together in negro character; they had several rehearsals, and on the eventful night the *first company* of Ethiopian delineators appeared at the Chatham, under the name of the "Virginia Minstrels." The experiment was a complete success, for they were received with the most enthusiastic applause. During the same week they appeared at the Bowery Theatre, for the benefit of Mr. John Tryon, manager of that establishment. Here their success was such that they were engaged by Messrs. Welsh & Rockwell, then managers of the Park Theatre, at which place they performed two weeks, in conjunction with John Diamond, the great dancer. From this company arose the various organizations now to be found scattered *over all parts of the world*. We do not wish to be understood as saying that Messrs. Emmett, Brower, Whitlock, and Pelham were the first *individual* delineators, for previous to the formation of this company, a number of persons had appeared in public giving *individual* delineations of the "black art," among whom were Barney Burns, Enam Dickenson, Tom Bleakly, George Washington Dixon, Daddy Rice, Major Hulton, Joe Sweeney, and others.

Rip Van Winkle —The following letter, in reference to the question whether this North River steamer ever ran on the Delaware, is conclusive: "Albany, Feb. 18, 1858.—The steamboat Rip Van Winkle I have reference to, was built in 1845, for two gentlemen: one, Mr. Chas. Van Benthuysen, State Printer, of this city, and the other a gentleman of New York. She measures 510 tons burthen, and propelled by one of Wm. Lightall's horizontal engines. She ran on the North River for the first time, and the second season she ran on the Delaware from Cape May to Philadelphia. Since which time she has changed hands, and is now the property of David Drew, and is used as a spare boat by the People's Line. There is no other boat of that name but this that ever ran on the North River between New York and Albany and Troy. These are the true facts, and can be easily substantiated by reference to C. Van Benthuysen, State Printer, one of the original owners; Mr. Vessie, of the Marble Pillar Restaurant, and formerly agent for her, or of Capt. Thos. S. Knight, formerly Clerk of her, all residents of Albany. Yours, &c., JOHN T. KELLY."

J. N. Lavine, Conn.—*Cribbage.*—"How many points are contained in the following hand of six cards, and how are they counted, viz: One six, two fours, and three fives?" In all 40, viz: *six* points for the three fifteens contained in one six, the *first* four, and the three fives; an additional *six* for the three fifteens occurring through the introduction of the *second* four; *two* points for the fifteen contained in the three fives; *two* points for the pair of fours; *six* points for the pair royal of fives; also, *eighteen* points for the double set of sequences, 4, 5, and 6; which, added together, give the following result: 6, 6, 2, 2, 6, 18—40.

Nephew Thomas, Hoboken.—1. The "Morris Brothers, Pell & Huntley's Minstrels," now located in Boston, comprise, at the present time, the following named performers:—Lon Morris, Johnny Pell, Billy Morris, J. T. Huntley, J. C. Trowbridge, W. H. Brockway, J. C. Ford, W. Q. Delano, H. S. Thompson, J. L. Gilbert, R. H. Slifer, and Little Tommy. 2. Lon Morris and J. T. Huntley are the business managers. 3. Mr. Pell, more familiarly known as Johnny Pell, is a bone player, and a good performer; he played in New York with E. P. Christy, with Fellows' Minstrels, and also with Wood's Minstrels.

A Plasterer, Springfield, Ill.—1. On being relieved, the New York policeman repairs to the station house, and reports himself, but is not required to make oath that he has strictly performed his duty while on his beat. What the rule on this point may be in the police department of Chicago, we are unable to state. 2. The cause of the delay in the reception of the Clipper is doubtless to be attributed to the agent in your city, who, probably, fails to send his order in season.

Ted.—Strict attention to food and exercise is indispensable. Tonics, into which cayenne pepper or cubebs enter, must be given in the early stages. If the symptoms do not yield to this treatment, administer pills composed of equal quantities of belladonna and James's Powder. For a young pup, the dose should be quarter of a grain of each; for a full sized dog, two grains may be employed. A little soap liniment may be rubbed on the throat and chest of the animal.

W. W., Troy.—"Please decide a dispute which has arisen here concerning the birth place of the Benicia Boy, some asserting that he is a native of England, others stating that he was born in Ireland, and others, again, insisting that he was born in this country. Which is correct?" Mr. Heenan, the "Benicia Boy," was born in Troy, N. Y., of Irish parents.

T. T., Williamsburgh.—*All Fours.*—"A and B are playing a game of Seven-up—A has two, and B has one to go; the cards are dealt, and spades turned up; A holds high and low; B holds Jack, which he makes, and claims the game. Who wins?" A wins, high and low counting before Jack made in play.

Fred. Douglass, Mass.—Although the Irish journal referred to, claims Crawford, the sculptor, as a "native of the North of Ireland," nevertheless, it is stated as a fact that Mr. Crawford was born in this country.

J. Leary, Staughton, Wis.—The battles of the parties referred to cannot be had in the form desired; they have appeared in the Clipper, but not in book form since their publication in Boxiana, which work is now very scarce, and costly.

Two Readers, Washington D. C.—At the time of the difficulty which ended in the death of Mr. Wm. Poole, he was, as near as we have been able to gather the facts, about five feet nine or ten inches in height, weighed 160 lbs, and was nearly 32 years of age.

J. W. H., Philad'a.—1. We believe it has been done in less than 35 minutes. 2. Harrold is the same, we have been informed, that resided in Philadelphia. 3. Young Bendigo was in Pittsburgh, when we last heard from him.

Ignoramus.—1. The Coburn alluded to is the same that fought Gribbin; he was discharged, there not being sufficient evidence that he had assaulted the policeman. 2. There is a trump card in the game of Loo.

W. P., East Gwilliamsburgh, C. W.—Can you inform us of the date when the "Sharon" letters first appeared? We have no recollection of them, but if a copy can be obtained, we will give them publicity.

F. F., Boston.—Whatever service we can render you will be freely given, but the information desired as to hall, etc., can be better obtained when you arrive here, should you conclude to visit this city.

D. W., Silver Creek.—Yours of the 20th, only, is at hand; have forwarded the Pictorial, for which see best time in running. Will post you on the other matter next week, when we may have more space.

New Hampshire Chicken.—You can better make the acquaintance of some of our New York pugs, with a view to match making, by sending on a forfeit.

Spectator.—Your criticism on the recent performances given by the "Thespian Dramatic Club," together with a few remarks to our Amateur Critic," will appear in our next.

J. O., Guelph, C. W.—We are glad to hear from an "old resident of New York," such fowls as you require are very scarce at this time, the supply being unequal to the demand.

S. G. F., Boston.—*All Fours.*—"A and B have two each to go—A then makes high and game; B low and Jack. Please decide which wins the game." B wins, with low, Jack.

Trigger, Buffalo.—"Audubon's Birds of America" is the best. Some of the dealers in your city may be able to procure it for you.

J. K. C., Buffalo.—We can furnish you with the papers containing Sayers and Jones' fights, only.

S. J. L., Philad'a.—1. Rules next week. 2. On the stump of the spur.

Fencer, Philad'a.—We know of no good work on the subject obtainable here.

Young Sport, Harlem.—The rules on cocking will be given in our next.

True Blue, Philad'a.—We may commence the battles alluded to in a few weeks, if not at once.

Daniel Shields, East Boston—Can be accommodated on sending along a forfeit.

I. R. F., Newburyport.—Have forwarded a copy of the paper containing the article.

Yankee, Philad'a.—We have not yet succeeded in getting a list of all the dates, but hope to have them next week.

Larry, Portsmouth, Va.—He must procure a license.

W. M., Toronto.—Money received.

G. F., New Castle, Pa.—We have no knowledge of the book.

R. McM., Reading.—Too late for this issue.

Charles A. Williams.—In Broadway, above 12th street.

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

Improvement in Boxing Gloves.—Philadelphia, Feb. 20, 1858.—Mr. Frank Queen—*Dear Sir:* I would like to suggest, through your columns, an improvement in the construction of boxing gloves, which, if "this Court know itself, and it are rather of the opinion that it do," is "some" of an improvement. It consists in not sewing the fingers of the glove together except at the back of the hand, and in leaving about an inch of the said fingers unpadded. The advantages of this arrangement are that a person can shut his fist in the natural way, and that persons learning to box will not get into the bad habit of striking with the *open hand*, but will commence from the very beginning to *strike*, and not to learn merely a style of ineffectual *tapping*, which, in a fight, "wouldn't amount to shucks." My idea of boxing is that it should differ from fair fighting only in the *force* of the blows. The *manner* of striking, of holding the fists, and in fact of everything else, should be the same. To do this you should be able to close the fist firmly, bringing the points of the fingers loosely on the palm of the hand, the ball of the thumb supporting slightly the first and second fingers, so that instantly, while in the very act of striking, the fist may be made solid, and in the right position. This the glove made as above described enables you to do.

The credit of this discovery is to be given to Mr. James Caniff, of Detroit, Mich., I believe; at least, the only pair of gloves made in this way that I ever saw were made under his direction. I don't know whether you have gloves of this kind in your city or not, but as I have seen none of them since I left Detroit, and as I consider them so much superior to those in common use, I take the liberty of calling the attention of the "fancy" and of all interested in the "manly art" to this improvement. Yours truly, Drop Socker.

## THE APPROACHING PIGEON SHOOTING TOURNAMENT.

This great re-union of the crack shots of America has evidently, if we may judge from the numerous communications we have received on the subject, excited the greatest interest among the lovers of pigeon shooting in all parts of the United States. From the promises of attendance that have been received, a very numerous assemblage may be safely anticipated, and the public will have an excellent opportunity of witnessing a trial of skill and ability between the representatives of the different States of the Union and Canada.

A few changes in the original conditions of the tournament have, on mature condideration among the originators and promoters of it, been found necessary, and we believe will be regarded as judicious by those interested. The time of receiving nominations for the principal sweepstakes will be extended up to the day of shooting, (Monday next) and entries for it will be received at our office, and at Mr. John Taylor's, Darcy House, Jersey City, up to 11 o'clock A. M., of that day. The time of entry for the other sweepstakes will also be extended up to the time of shooting.

The locality selected for the shooting is Hoboken Meadows, a place admirably adapted for the purpose, and easy of access from this city. The whole of the arrangements of the ground will be under the management of Mr. John Taylor, of Jersey City, and that gentleman's long experience in those matters is a guarantee of the efficiency of this department. The birds provided will also be of the best description, and pigeon shooters well know how materially the goodness of the sport depends upon this point. The line of boundary will be properly staked out and roped, and *no outside shooting will be allowed.* The appointment of judges, referee, trapper, &c., will take place at Mr. Taylor's Darcy House, Jersey City, on the morning of the first day's shooting, and every exertion used for carrying out the affair in an impartial and honorable manner.

Several of our correspondents have urged the advisability of having a sweepstake for double shooting, in addition to those already announced. We can assure those fond of double shooting that plenty of opportunities will be afforded them for its gratification, as there is no doubt but that several impromptu sweepstakes will be formed on the ground for them. There will also be numerous interesting matches made between parties well acquainted with each other's reputation as "crack shots," but who have probably never before competed together for superiority. Altogether, the promise of sport is most abundant.

There will be a meeting of the nominators and subscribers of New York and neighborhood held at the Darcy House, Jersey City, on Saturday evening, Feb. 27th, at 8 o'clock, to make the necessary arrangements for the affair, and the presence of all interested in the tournament is desired on the occasion.

We have been desired by Mr. Taylor to request all subscribers from a distance to bring as many birds with them as they possibly can, so that an ample supply may be afforded. He will purchase all good birds at the rate of $18 per hundred, delivered free at his house in Jersey City.

We shall, in our next issue, give a report of the result of the shooting up to the hour of going to press.

Billiards.—On Saturday, 20th inst., Barney Chrystal and Ralph Benjamin played several games at Billiards on a table chosen by Mr. Benjamin, at Higham's Saloon in Broadway. Three games, of the four ball carom game, were played, for $10 a game—Chrystal won two, Benjamin winning one. In the third game, Crystal made a splendid run of 72 points, all caroms of course—Mr. Benjamin then declined playing any more at that game, expressing a wish to play at his favorite, the three ball carom game, but Mr. Chrystal being a young player, was rather doubtful of his own powers in view of Mr. Benjamin's pretentions to rank as a first-class player; but after a little encouragement from his friends, Chrystal consented to play Mr. Benjamin even at this game (though he said he would rather give Benjamin 10 points if he would play him on one of Phelan's tables, at the four ball game) they agreeing to play for five hours, it then being 5 o'clock P. M., for $10 each game of 16 points. After playing ten games, Mr. Benjamin would not play any more, though the time agreed on had not expired, 9:40 P. M. The following is the result of the ten games at the French game:

| Benjamin. | | | | Chrystal. | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1st game | 8 | 6th game | 16 | 1st game | 16 | 6th game | 12 |
| 2d do | 16 | 7th do | 15 | 2d do | 12 | 7th do | 16 |
| 3d do | 9 | 8th do | 16 | 3d do | 16 | 8th do | 14 |
| 4th do | 8 | 9th do | 9 | 4th do | 16 | 9th do | 16 |
| 5th do | 6 | 10th do | 14 | 5th do | 16 | 10th do | 16 |
| Benjamin | | | 117 | Chrystal | | | 150 |
| | | | | Benjamin | | | 117 |
| | | | | | | | 33 |

Billiards.—Mr. Ralph Benjamin does not seem disposed to acknowledge that his recent competitor, Mr. Phelan, is the better player of the two; he has recently issued a card, in which the following proposition is made:

I propose to play Michael Phelan any game of Billiards for any sum, *without odds*, provided the games be played on one of my own tables, at No. 94 Chatham street, New York City; or, provided the games be played on *any table of his or my own make* that both parties may agree upon.

Here was a direct challenge, that admitted of but one construction, and we were surprised that no response had been made from the opposite quarter; but on expressing our astonishment a few days since, we were informed, on reliable authority, that two friends of Mr. Phelan's called upon Mr. Benjamin, and expressed their readiness to make the match on behalf of Mr. Phelan, precisely in accordance with the above offer, for the sum of $5,000, and that they were ready to put up a forfeit of $500; Mr. Benjamin, it seems, however, refused to make the match; why, we are unable to state; but that the offer was accepted on the part of Mr. Phelan, we know to be a fact; as we also know that Mr. Benjamin did not back up his proposition.

Ball Court.—In our advertising department will be found a correct representation of the beautiful ball court attached to the splendid establishment of Mr. McDonough, in Philadelphia.

☞ We have been compelled to condense and omit several articles intended for this issue, in order to give a complete report of the doings in the London Prize Ring.

The American Horse-Tamer.—On our first page will be found an engraving representing Mr. Raney, the American horse-tamer, exhibiting his remarkable powers over the horse. The secret by which he is enabled to subdue and render docile the most vicious and wicked of the horse creation, has been revealed to several of the nobility of England, who have expressed themselves perfectly satisfied with the results attending their experiments. This new system of horse taming has very naturally awakened considerable interest in England, and various opinions have been advanced by certain knowing ones as to the means by which the American so easily subdues the equine race. A couple of extracts, from the two leading sporting journals of London, may not prove uninteresting in this connection:

*From the Era.*

Horse Taming.—To the Editor of the Era—*Sir:* Having seen a paragraph in several of the newspapers, respecting the wonderful influence which an American horse tamer possesses over the horse, I beg to say I am acquainted with a Yorkshireman who exercises the same power, and who will undertake to tame any horse, however vicious. As I have seen him practise his art on a vicious horse, I am certain that he accomplishes his object by the same means as the American. For the mode of being shut up alone for an hour or more with the horse, as described in the paragraph referred to, exactly tallies with what I witnessed; and the wonderful effect produced, also corresponds with what I have seen the Yorkshire farmer perform with a wild, half-broke horse. He also makes a horse "stand fire," and even fire off a pistol with his teeth.

The farmer is now a tenant of Lord Zetland, in Cleveland.

I am, sir, your obedient servant, Snaffle.

York, January 24, 1858.

*From Bell's Life.*

Horse Taming.—Mr. Editor—*Sir:* In reference to the wonderful power exhibited by Mr. John S. Raney, of the United States, in taming horses, it may interest some of your readers to hear how a similar result was obtained by M. Clery, valet de chambre to the unfortunate Louis XVI., and who superintended the stud of the first Emperor Napoleon. It appears from his memoirs that Clery subdued the most refractory animals by dropping leaden bullets into their ears. No horse resisted that mode of subjugation. Of course I know nothing of Mr. Raney's plan. An Observer.

Shooting at the Orange.—Extraordinary Feat.—Mr. Travis, the celebrated pistol shot, has entered into an agreement to perform a shooting feat that requires the most steady hand and true eye. The Louisville *Journal*, in alluding to the subject, says that Travis bets Mr. Samuel A. Suydam, of New York city, $1,000 that he will find a boy who will stand at the distance of ten paces and place an orange, not to exceed two-and-a-half inches in diameter, in each hand and one upon his head, which he, Travis, will shoot from their respective localities. No object to intervene. If Travis fails to find the boy who will stand, or fails to hit the oranges in the three shots, or if any shot touches the boy, he loses the bet. The match to be shot in Louisville, June 15, 1858.

Curling.—Game between the Thistle and Caledonian Clubs.—On the evening of Tuesday, 16th inst., the members of the former sent a challenge to those of the latter to play a match at this exhilirating pastime, which was accepted. The ice being then in good condition, and fearing lest the weather might prove treacherous, and thus mar the anticipated pleasure, it was resolved to commence play on the following morning, at 10 A. M. Accordingly, sixteen members from each club, comprising four rinks each, met at the appointed time, on the ice belonging to the Caledonian Club, situated at Sixty-first street, between Fourth and Fifth Avenues, when, after a contest of the most exciting description, occupying six hours, the score of the game stood as follows:

| Rinks. Caledonian. | Shots. | Rinks. Thistle. | Shots. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1..James Gilles, skip | 43 | 1..William Morton, skip | 18 |
| 2..Wm. Kellock " | 44 | 2..Andrew Barr " | 17 |
| 3..David Brown " | 40 | 3..James Chalmers " | 24 |
| 4..Wm. Congalton " | 40 | 4..James Adie " | 27 |
| Total | 167 | Total | 86 |

In favor of the Caledonian by 81 points. The ice was keen, and slightly biased, and, as a consequence, put the skill of the players to the severest test.

Another Match.—Kellock vs. Congalton.—On Friday, 19th inst. Rink No. 2, of the Caledonian Club, Wm. Kellock, skip, whom, it will be observed, made the largest score in their contest with the Thistle, proposed to play any other rink in the Caledonian Club, which was at once acceded to by the members of No. 4 rink, Wm. Congalton, skip. The game was an exceedingly close one, and the snow which fell during the day made the play very heavy and difficult. The final result, however, after playing five hours, stood in favor of No. 4 rink by 6 shots, their score being 34 against No. 2's 28.

Curling in Cleveland.—We have a good Curling Club here that has been organized some five years, composed wholly, I believe, of Scotchmen. They played their first game, between themselves, on the 10th inst., for a silver medal. I witnessed a portion of the game, but have been unable to ascertain which side proved victorious. It was a very unfavorable day, being the coldest we have yet had here, and the wind blowing very strong. They have been challenged by the Pittsburgh club, but I believe if they accept they will do so only on condition that the match is to be played here; at least so one of the members informed me. Our river is now frozen over solid for the first time this winter, and skating is all the go with both old and young, hundreds of whom assemble every day to engage in the healthful exercise. We have had (and no prospects of any) no sleighing this winter, and consequently skating is all the go, as "Young America," any way, must have some amusement of the kind. Clevelander.

Cleveland, Feb. 13.

Curlers' Chronicle.—The Curlers who, in the practice of their manly Scottish pastime never forget Charity, had a fine game on the first Dartmouth Lake on Tuesday last. The match was between the Halifax and Thistle Clubs for the benefit of a distressed Brother, stakes £5 a side, and won by the latter by a majority of *nine* shot.

## GRAND NATIONAL POULTRY TOURNAMENT!

ALL HAIL VIRGINIA!!

Mr. Editor: The cordial response of "Pop Eye" in behalf of the Old Dominion is what might be expected from the birth place of him, who was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen. It is quite refreshing to think that the Tournament will bring together men who, like "Pop Eye," admire sport when conducted upon terms of fairness and fraternity. His views must command the hearty approval of all sportsmen. I cheerfully endorse what he has written, and look forward to the gathering in July next with emotions of no ordinary character.

You have inquiringly observed where is New York? Let me ask where are the other States as well as New York?

Yours truly, White Hackle.

Philadelphia, Feb. 22, 1858.

Cocking.—A main of seven cocks was fought on Tuesday, 16th, between Syracuse and Split Rock, for $100 a side, which was won by the Syracuseans getting 4 out of 6, which satisfied the other party without trying the last. The affair caused considerable excitement, and was witnessed by a number of respectable persons from adjoining counties, especially Cortland county, who felt highly gratified with the fights, and more especially with the generous hospitality evinced by Mr. and Mrs. Filer in providing for the inner man; also the gentlemanly manner they were received by their worthy French neighbors, whom we gladly welcome to our domicile whenever any of them pass our way. We could wish for such a meeting every week, with one exception: that is a junior of the place, who, with his usual Bull-terrier sagacity, brutally insulted an unoffending spectator.

Yours, Half-a-dozen from Cortland County.

Cocking in New Haven.—On Thursday evening, 18th inst., we had two single cock fights, and a battle royal. The first fight was between Tom Sayers, a five pound red cock, and Bill Benjamin, a six pound. Tom got first blood and first knock down; in fact he won without a scratch. The second fight was between Mr. Guss' Gray Blinker, four pounds, and Mr. Budd's Red Prince, four pounds—the Blinker won easy. The third was a battle royal of six cocks—it was a good fight, and won by a Derby. There was a good company of the right sort present. Pile Stock.

New Haven, Feb. 20.

Cocking.—A battle took place in Reading, Pa., on the 20th inst., between two celebrated fowls, owned by Capt Charles E. H., and the other by the Learned Blacksmith, which, after a long contest, was won by the Captain.

## "I STILL LIVE!"

I observed in your paper of last week, a notice of the death of "Meerschaum," and being somewhat interested as the individual pronounced defunct, I am bound, as a matter of self-preservation, to say that such is not the fact. What gave rise to such a report, I am unable to say. Whether it came as a revelation from the Spirit Rappers, or whether it was a fantasy, emanating from the muddled brain of your correspondent, familiarly known here as "the Inebriated Barrister," time alone will show. I incline very much to the latter belief. But why one, so intimately known to the writer, should labor under such a mistake, is beyond his comprehension. Not alone in the Quaker City have we met. We have drank together at Hong Kong, smoked in company at Canton, and pledged ourselves amidst the *dusky* beauties of a Patagonia night. In the far East and sunny South, where blood and wine course more rapidly and speedily than in our colder and more northern clime, we have been thrown together, and the Halls of Peri's Paradise will long echo the inimitable flashes of wit and the exquisite puns of the "Immortal."

Alas! since that "How are the mighty fallen." The intellect, which, once properly cultivated, might have graced a Clay or a Webster, has now sunk to the low level of bad whiskey and worse puns.

We mourn for him as a decayed sportsman. Although one of the "Winkle" stripe, and infinitely more dangerous to himself and friends than to any of the feathered tribe, still he was with us heart and soul, thus enlisting for him now our pity and our sympathy. It is as evident as it is mournful that he is fast hurrying himself to "The undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns." With many faults, he has many virtues. "*Requiescat in pace.*"

"Meerschaum" is still alive and kicking, and hopes to continue so for "a few days," able to take a smile with a friend, and enjoy all the good things which appear in the Clipper. Meerschaum.

The Black's Last Fight.—We have devoted much space in this issue to full details of the recent battle in England between Bob Travers, the Black, and Bob Brettle, in which the former was defeated. The defeat of the Black may be of service to him, hereafter, for his recent victories had the effect to induce the "dark one" to believe he was really invincible; he has heretofore behaved himself rather uncourteously to older and better members of the P. R., and insulted a couple of visitors from "this side," because one of them had the audacity to "talk fight" in London, albeit Travers himself is said to have originally belonged to this city.

## PEDESTRIANISM.

Grindell's Benefit.—This event took place at the National Circus, in the Bowery, on the 18th, and was attended by one of the largest audiences that ever assembled there. The entertainment comprised Negro Minstrelsy, foot racing, and jig dancing. Leake's Serenaders opened the sport, and seemed to give satisfaction, although the "ring" is a poor place to give proper effect to the eccentricities and singing of a band of minstrels. The races were the next in order, and judges, time keepers, etc., having been chosen, and the ring properly staked to prevent the pedestrians from "cutting off the corners," the runners were ordered to prepare for the contest. The contestants ran separately, each one being correctly timed, the one making the best and second best time, to receive the prizes. The first event was

The Amateur Race, of fifteen circuits of the arena. The following is the order in which they ran, and the time made by each:

| No. Names. | Time—min. | sec. | No. Names. | Time—min. | sec. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1..Attnally | 1 | 52 | 8..Stevens | 1 | 54 |
| 2..Langstaff | 1 | 47 | 9..McGargill | 1 | 46 |
| 3..Rooney | 1 | 46 | 10..Wilson | 1 | 46 |
| 4..Morris | 1 | 48 | 11..Jenkins | 1 | 50 |
| 5..Dogherty | 1 | 59 | 12..Stewart | 2 | 01 |
| 6..Holland | 1 | 46 | 13..Sprigger | 1 | 57 |
| 7..Brown | 1 | 46 | 14..Leland | 1 | 51 |

It will be seen that several of the peds. "run on the 1:46," that appearing to be the favorite "ticket," and five of them consequently made a tie of it, and in order to give them a resting spell, it was decided that the mile race should take place previous to the tie being run off. Before starting, Mr. Grindell appeared, and stated that he would run in the mile race, but should he be fortunate enough to win a prize, he would hand it over to the next best runner. He also stated that he was ready to make a match to run any man in the United States, five, ten, fifteen, or twenty miles, for $1,000. Three cheers were then proposed for Mr. Grindell, and given with a hearty good will.

MILE RACE,
OR, FORTY CIRCUITS OF THE ARENA.

| No. Names. | Time—min. | sec. | No. Names. | Time—min. | sec. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1..John Grindell | 5 | 14 | 4..Cort, "Yankee Boy" | 5 | 35 |
| 2..Savage, "Indian" | 5 | 46 | 5..Young Sport | 5 | 04 |
| 3..Attnally | 6 | 19 | | | |

Young Sport ran unusually well, and, considering the size of the ring, his time is exceedingly good. Grindell and Sport, it will be seen, won the prizes, but Attnally and Sport were the recipients of them, Grindell waiving all claim. This race being thus satisfactorily settled, the next business in order was

DECIDING THE TIE IN THE AMATEURS' RACE.

The following is the summary, by which it will be observed that better time was made in this heat than in the first, the runners, from their experience in the first trial, getting the hang of the ring better:

| No. Names. | Time—min. | sec. | No. Names. | Time—min. | sec. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1..Rooney | 1 | 45 | 4..McGargill | 1 | 46 |
| 2..Brown | 1 | 46 | 5..Wilson | 1 | 43 |
| 3..Holland | 1 | 43 | | | |

Resulting in a tie between Holland and Wilson, who tossed up a copper to determine the choice of prizes, which was won by Holland, Wilson taking the second prize. The prizes, in both races, were Silver Goblets and Silver Cups.

There was a deal of interest exhibited by the spectators during the races, and some money changed hands on the result. At the close of the foot racing, Messrs. Gillen, Quinn, Mason, and Mickey Warren gave the audience a specimen of their respective abilities as jig dancers; this part of the entertainment was well relished, and the dancers were frequently applauded. Altogether, the affair was a success, and gave general satisfaction. A number of ladies were among the audience, and they seemed to enjoy the sport fully as well as their "lords and masters."

The Presentation of a Silver Cup to young Tooker, who recently took part in a walking match at the Red House, took place at the Exchange, 543 Houston street, on Monday evening, at 8 o'clock. This cup was presented to Tooker by a large host of friends, for his manly courage, and his fair style of heel and toe walking, at the Red House.

Flora Temple's backer was at the time and place appointed by "Black Hawk Maid" through the columns of the Boston *Herald*, to settle the preliminaries for a pedestrian match, but as this lady's backer was absent, the thing was quashed. Flora Temple is still open to walk any woman fifty hours without rest or sleep, for $100 a side. Woman and money can be found by addressing James Lambert, Stewart's Hall, corner of Boylston and Washington street, Boston.

On Dit.—That James Lambert, the great English pedestrian, is about to mount the plank of matrimony with his fairy pupil, Flora Temple, for a life long tramp. We sincerely hope both parties will hold out even unto the end; as they appear to be well matched, we are inclined to think they will.

Answer to Elson.—Young Griffin will accommodate Alfred Elson, the "London Antelope," for $200 a side; he will run him even, and give Elson $25 to run in Boston. A match can be made at Wm. Evans', Evans House, 12 Morton place, Boston, Mass., or, if Elson will send a deposit of $50 to the Editor of the Clipper, it will be covered immediately with a like amount, and $25 for expenses. T. A. Scott.

## SPARRING.

COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT TO AWFUL GARDNER.—On Tuesday evening, Feb. 15th, the friends of Orville, or as he is better known and more generally termed Awful Gardner, gave him a complimentary sparring benefit at the Montgomery Hall, Prince street, in this city. Gardner has long been known to the sporting fraternity of New York as a professor of pugilism of no mean pretensions; indeed, he is generally regarded as one of the best, if not *the* best delineator of the "manly art," in the United States. Although he has ever shown himself ready to assist his brother pugs, by taking part in their sparring exhibitions, yet he has seldom appealed to the public on his own behalf. We were therefore not surprised at the numerous and highly respectable assemblage present on the occasion of his own exhibition, although the tariff of admission, for weighty reasons, was higher than usual. The room is one well calculated for the purpose required, being spacious, comfortable, and well lighted. The proceedings commenced with Young Brown, of Liverpool, and Bob Jenkins, of New York, first setting-to; the object of both seeming to be more to display their dropping and "ducking" qualities than their sparring abilities. Dwyer and Young Mack succeeded them, and afforded a good display of science. The former is a fearless, resolute sparrer, who would not be denied, and administered several stinging facers to his opponent in a manner more forcible than pleasant, and taking his punishment in return in the gamest possible manner. Tom Brown and Young Bown followed, and made a very creditable show of their skill in the use of the gloves. Joe Coburn and Harry Gribben, antagonists heretofore in the roped arena, next made their appearance, and were well received by the spectators. The latter, since he became "mine host" of the "Metropolitan" in Brooklyn, has improved wonderfully in his personal physique, and displays in himself the thriving qualities of the "good things" he dispenses to others. In the set-to, he gave satisfactory evidence that though "out of condition" from the above cause, he still retains his well-known superiority as an accomplished boxer; and his brilliant stopping, countering and quick hitting, were highly admired by all present. It was decidedly the best display during the evening.

Frank Smith and Young Welch next donned the mits, and in their encounter the latter showed that he knew the most; he had decidedly the best of it. Old Scott and Bob Jenkins were next introduced, and afforded a rich fund of amusement to the lookers-on, as the latter, by resorting to his favorite dropping game, caused his opponent, time after time, to over-reach himself, and tumble prostrate on the floor. The old boy, however, took it all good-humoredly, and returned again and again to the charge, and always with the same result. Smith and Mooney came next, and were followed by John Coburn and Bob Poole; the former has made great advance in his knowledge of the fistic art, and bids fair to become an accomplished sparrer. In this set-to, as well as the succeeding one with Tom Brown, he showed some excellent science. Old Tovee and Young Welch came next, and the company were well pleased with the display of the Right Reverend Veteran, who, by his superior science, more than compensated for the greater activity of his youthful antagonist. In the wind-up between Awful Gardner and Joe Coburn, Mr. Tovee, in introducing them, returned the beneficiare's sincere thanks to the friends who had patronised him by their presence that evening, and spologized for the non-appearance of the Benicia Boy, who was announced to wind up with him; as that gentleman, altho' present, for certain prudential reasons declined taking part in the proceedings. The wind-up was first-rate, and afforded Gardner a good opportunity to display his intimate and thorough knowledge of sparring, opposed as he was to one who is allowed to possess high abilities in the "manly art of self-defence." The set-to was witnessed with the deepest interest, and elicited the admiration and applause of the spectators. Father Tovee officiated as Master of the Ceremonies, and by his energy in securing plenty of sparrers, contributed materially to the evening's sport.

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BOXING AT DOBB'S FERRY.—A Sparring Exhibition was given at Dobb's Ferry, New York, on Friday evening, 12th instant, at the Westchester House, for the benefit of Professor Balty Higgins. The first set-to was between Professor Higgins and McCue, the Sing-Sing Pet. This was a spirited affair, and called forth loud and repeated applause. The Hastings' Pet and Young Martin now appeared at the scratch, eager for the fray. The Pet is a powerfully-built man, standing full six feet, and weighing 200 pounds; while Martin, his opponent, is but 5ft. 8in., and weighs only 110 pounds. The Pet put out with his right "Tater Hook," but was handsomely caught by Martin, who followed up in quick succession several stunning blows upon the Pet's mug, which drew the claret, and sent him reeling to his corner. This was decidedly the set-to of the evening, and, although unequally matched, they won the admiration of the friends of the fistic art who were present, for their manly conduct. Next came Dan Moore and Connoley; the latter was recently matched against O'Brien. This was closely followed by Young Martin and Shorty, which ended very suddenly, by the inclination Shorty had to carry his chops away in his fists, as he had not forgotten the school-boy phrase of "hitting in the face ain't fair."

Professor Higgins and Master Conner now appeared. Master Conner assumed a very graceful attitude, and soon let the Professor know that he had no green hand to contend with. The Professor assured Master Conner he would draw the claret from him if he had the chance, which Master Conner thinking might be the case, clutched him under the chin and called him to the floor; the Professor, astonished at this sudden change of things, came to the scratch more cautiously, and dealt some very heavy blows upon Master Conner's nozzle, which seemed to take the starch out of him by degrees, and soon he wilted under one of the Professor's favorite clinchers. Several other parties of minor note amused themselves pummeling each other for a few moments at a time. The wind-up was between the Professor and McCue, who both appeared in ring costume, and attracted much attention. They exhibited signs of a perfect knowledge of the art, and no doubt will satisfy some of the "City Sports" who have been invited to be present on next Friday evening that they are not so easily to be taken down. The Professor, in his usual clever style, thanked the audience for their attendance; and, after a smile or two with Arthurs' best brands, they quietly dispersed. Yours,

DUSTY BOB.

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SPARRING IN CANADA.—London, C. W., Feb. 19, 1857.—Johnny Mackey (who is stopping here for a few days) gave us an exhibition on Tuesday last, 16th inst., when, I am happy to say, the house was crowded (as in fact it always is when Mackey shows his welcome face among us). The first set-to was between Pete Kerwin and Mike Carroll—this was a very good display of fistic science on both sides, there being little advantage except Carroll being a little too long in the reach for his opponent.

The second was between two feather weights of this city, and was very amusing.

The third was between Tom Connors and Bill Logan, which was of short duration, as the slashing old country punches of Connor's proved too much for Logan, who had to "pull 'em off" after the third round, his snuff box being out of order. His place was, however, taken by Mackey, who soon wound Mr. Connor up in fine style.

The next pair was Mr. Baker and a little cockney about the size and build of Horrigan—this was a very fine display, the science of the little 'un, against the length, strength and ignorance of his opponent, who was twice his size, showing the usefulness of teaching the young idea how to hit from the shoulder, as the cut in your last issue represents; this wound up by the little saddler sending his huge opponent down on his back by a straight punch on the smeller.

After these, personnally appeared before us one John Donahue and Johnny Mackey—the said Donahue with boots off, pantaloons and shirt sleeves rolled up to knees and elbows, and a confident smile on his mug. On getting into position, the artistic face of Donahue was beautiful to behold; Mackey stuck out his cocoa nut, at which Donahue let-fly, missing it, but catching a sockdologer under the ear by way of return that laid him prostrate, amid the shouts of the assembled multitudes. It would be useless for me to attempt to describe this affair; suffice it to say that, like Van Amburgh and the lion, Mackey so tamed Donahue that he could make him lay down or roll over whenever he laid his hand on him.

The wind-up was a good display of science between Mackey and Carroll, which brought down thunders of applause, when the company dispersed. Yours, &c,

LONDON.

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A NIGHT OF BOXING.—Old Bill Tovee, who had been solicited by his Brooklyn friends to give an exhibition of sparring in that city, has been compelled to give up the idea as far as Brooklyn is concerned, in consequence of being unable to secure a suitable room in which to give the entertainment. However, whilst thanking his friends in Brooklyn for the interest they have manifested in his behalf, he informs them, as well as the New York public, that he has taken Kerrigan's Hall, No. 22 White street, and will give an exhibition therein on Monday evening next, March 1st, when he announces that Messrs. Phil. Clare, Harry Gribbin, Johnny Roach, the "Unknown," Orville Gardner, Hunter, Lunney, Aaron, and a host of others will assist, and give the lovers of boxing a rare treat. The wind-up will be given by Boss Harrington and Old Bill Tovee, in ring costume. As the "financial panic" has not been without its effect on the old veteran, it is hoped that all who conveniently can, will contribute their assistance to make the benefit one in reality.

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COSTELLO'S BENEFIT.—Young Costello, a very promising sparrer, and a good fellow generally, is up for a benefit, and as he has contributed to the amusement of lovers of boxing at exhibitions given by others, we trust that his own "night" will not be forgotten. The benefit will take place at McLaughlin's, 155 First Avenue, on Thursday evening, Feb. 25th.

## THE RING.

FIGHT ON BOARD SHIP.—United States Receiving Ship Ohio, Feb. 20, 1858.—EDITOR CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:*—Knowing that you take an interest in all pugilistic encounters, I wish to inform you of a slight turn-up that occurred on board this ship on the night of the 19th. The parties were a self-styled fighting man from Liverpool, and a novice from down east. It appears that the down easter was toasting his shins at the stove, which the fighting-man allowed he had no right to do; thereby excluding others from the same privilege, following up the remark with a blow, which the down easter did not seem to relish, and returned the compliment by an "Indian hug," which astonished the aspirant for pugilistic honors. A cry of "Sail O" was now heard from an outsider, caused by the appearance of "Jimmy Legs" (master at arms) which caused them to fly in all directions. This affair led to a challenge for a fair ring fight, to take place upon the gun-deck, in the evening. At the appointed time a large number of spectators had arrived, including the "Irish Counsel," and several celebrated characters from Dutchland. At 7 p. m., the men entered the ring, both seeming confident of winning

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. D. E led off with his left, and got home on the neck; F. M. returned, but was short; in the rally both down.

2. Rattling work, D. E. having it pretty much his own way, hitting right and left, and receiving but little in return. At the close F. M. slipped down.

3. F. M. came up rather slow, not appearing to like the music. D. E. led off and got in his one, two, in good style, getting in return one on the ribs. F. M. was thrown heavily, and three and four to one were now freely offered on D. E., but no takers. We heard of one individual offering to bet his Crimean medal on the issue of the battle. From this to the 18th round, same as round 3.

13. D. E. led off with his right, and got in a stinger on F. M.'s left eye, which caused him to seek the deck in quick time. On time being called, F. M. allowed he had enough, thus ending the fight, which lasted 23 minutes.

Yours, &c., CONSTANT READER.

P. S.—We have turn-ups almost weekly, with the particulars of which I will endeavor to keep you posted.

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COPE AND HOLMES.—We have received several letters from parties in St. Louis, in reference to the proposed match between Jack Cope and Charley Holmes, which contradict many of Holmes' statements. They assert that Cope was willing and anxious to fight, but that those who had promised to back him, did not seem inclined to come up to the scratch, and he had no resources of his own. Cope is now with Mr. James Hart, who says he will give Holmes an opportunity to make good his assertion that Cope is a cur, and that Cope shall fight him in three or six months, for as much money as he (Holmes) can raise.

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TOUGH BATTLE.—A correspondent sends us an account of a battle which took place one day last week, in Malden, Mass., between two men named Davis and Howard. The fight lasted three hours and forty-two minutes, in which forty-seven rounds were stoutly contested, Howard proving the winner. After fighting one hour, Howard's hands gave out, and he would have lost the battle had it not been for his superior wrestling qualities, which enabled him to pull through with success.

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MILL IN PHILADELPHIA.—A mill took place in the Fourth Ward, one day last week, between two residents of that Ward, called Worthy Neff, and Jersey George. They fought nine rounds, without either showing the slightest symptom of the white feather; for the first six rounds, Jersey was the favorite, but the tables were turned, and the last three rounds were in Neff's favor, and Jersey had to succumb to superior science. Our correspondent says Smith is anxious to have another shy, and has put up $20 as a forfeit, for a match for $300.

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CHALLENGE TO SWEETMAN.—I understand that Sweetman has, since he left here, been blowing about me. I will now fight him a fair stand-up fight in a 24-foot ring, in any part of Canada, for from $100 to as much more as he can raise. By Sweetman answering this, a deposit and copy of articles will be sent you immediately.

Yours truly, MICHAEL CARROLL.

London, Canada, February 19, 1858.

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BROOME AND BENJAMIN.—We have received the following from Bill Benjamin in reply to Harry Broome. This must close the correspondence. "Mr. Editor: I shall make but few remarks on the *scurrilous* letter in your edition of January 24th inst., (signed Henry Broome,) as to my cowardice, &c. As to my borrowing 2s 6d of Nat Langham, that is quite true; but this was not the first loan I have had of him, and I am satisfied that he will, if asked, say that I have honorably paid him—*this amount is all that I borrowed in London.* I must speak highly of Tom Sayers and his friends, who behaved so very kindly to me after the fight, until a friend of mine arrived in town. And as to Jem Massey telling me I was welcome at his house, that is also true; but the remaining statements are quite as uncalled for as *untrue*—Yours, &c, BILL BENJAMIN—Chepstow, 28th Jan. 1858. P. S.: As Harry Broome is so confident of my cowardice, I hope and trust he will gratify me by meeting me in the P. R. for £100 a side; he is to consider this a challenge. Money ready at any time according with articles."—*Bell's Life.*

## THE TRIGGER.

PIGEON-SHOOTING TOURNAMENT.—City of Reading, Pennsylvania, February 19, 1858.—DEAR FRANK—As the time for the Great Shooting Tournament is at our heels, it is certainly natural that we should be considerably exercised in mind in reference thereunto. We would love to see "Old Berks" represented there, and in a manner to do her credit. What say our brethren of the trigger in Reading? Come, Fred, your redemption draweth nigh. To your tent, then! What has become of Old Joe, Harold, the Pflegers, and a host of others? Let not the plea—"hard times" be urged. Stranger things have happened in this world than that of your correspondent seeing himself there, and we hope to see the effort to nationalize pigeon-shooting a complete success. We have not vanity enough to believe in our ability to do credit to "Old Berks" in the grand arena: hence the appeal to Eagle Nipple and others of his school. We shall be well contented if, peradventure, we are a mere spectator. We hope our friend Whitehouse, from Schuylkill county, will respond to the appeal. His victories in the South, (Virginia,) and successful conquest in the North, eminently qualify him for the position of a representative. Come along this way, David, and let us have your company: also Bilsbee, Wisdens, Clem, Marsh, and Joe Briggs. With such a representation, Schuylkill county may hope for an honorable acquittal. It may, perhaps, not be out of place, while speaking of Schuylkill county, to direct the attention of Edward Smith to a challenge which appeared in the CLIPPER of July 25th, 1857, headed: "Challenge to All Pigeon-Shooters in the United States." We think a fine opportunity is here offered to the "Coal Miner," (spoken of in the challenge,) to win laurels. What says Mr. Smith? Schuylkill county can boast of some big guns—let us see the *Unknown* on that eventful occasion. We certainly shall feel proud of Schuylkill county, a legitimate daughter of "Old Berks," should she succeed in winning laurels in the forth-coming Tournament. Of course Philadelphia will be ably represented, in *propria personæ*, by Messrs. Vance, Mountain, Irvin, Frank C., McKeon, H. Mingle, and Hiram, &c., (not the widow's son.) Jersey can boast of her pumpkins, viz: Messrs. D. Wills, Jimmy Jobes, the Dillets, Bozier, the Pine Wood Boy, and a host of others whose names we have been familiar with in the columns of the CLIPPER, not forgetting John Cornell, whose doings are proverbial—he is a full team. Hoping to meet these worthies of our acquaintance, with an army of others, on the occasion which brings so many reminiscences of the past into close contact with the present, making thereby a pleasant interchange of thought and feeling, we remain, as ever, yours in the fraternal bonds of a common brotherhood,

PIGEON FEATHER.

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TRAP SHOOTING IN NEW JERSEY.—Trenton, Feb. 13, 1858.—DEAR FRANK:—Notwithstanding the present hard times and the scarcity of tin, the lovers of the trigger assembled to witness the contest at pigeon shooting between Messrs. Ashmore and Hultz, which was to have come off at Tyburn, on the 8th inst., but which, owing to some misunderstanding, did not take place. A sweepstake match subsequently took place; there were five subscribers at $2,50 each, and the purse was won by Miles Johnson, of Bordentown, N. J. The shooting was far below mediocrity; we therefore beg to be excused from giving a summary. Another match took place on the 10th inst., between Messrs. Ashmore and Cruzer on the one side, and Hultz and Eldridge on the other; to shoot at ten birds each, 21 yards rise, 100 yards bounds and 1⅛oz. shot, for a purse of fifty dollars. Considerable delay was occasioned in arranging preliminaries, "splicing the main brace," &c. However, at two o'clock, the competitors toed the mark—the judges called the crowd to order, when Ashmore led off:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Ashmare | 0110101111—7 | Hults | 1001010111—6 |
| Cruzer | 1100000011—4 | Eldridge | 0011001101—5 |
| Total | 11 | Total | 11 |

This tie was agreed to be shot over at some future day. Another pop took place between Messrs. Woolberton and Cheeseman, at five birds each, for $25 a side; this affair was very spirited, but terminated fatally to the shooting reputation of our friend Bill. Summary:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Woolberton | 00111—3 | Cheeseman | 00000—0 |

Although Bill lost the match, he did not lose his temper; he immediately made tracks in the direction of Caminade's, and, after having indulged in the luxury of a smile or two, he publicly avowed his intention of having another trial the next time he feels like it, which resolution he treated by taking another smile. The crowd dispersed, perfectly satisfied with the sport, if not with the shooting.

TRIGGER.

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TRAP SHOOTING IN ST. LOUIS.—St. Louis, Feb. 18, 1858.—MR. EDITOR: An interesting pigeon match for $25 a side, came off at Wedge House, on Tuesday, 16th, between four gentlemen of this city, Messrs. Johnson, King, Shannon, and Ragan. The conditions of the match were to shoot at 10 single birds each, from a ground trap, 21 yards rise, 100 yards bound. It was won by Shannon, who shot in first-rate style. The day being cold, there was not as large a number of sharp shooters present as was expected; let it be placed to the credit of both parties that they had the best flyers that could be produced. There was considerable sport at the match, and everything passed off well. The following is the summary:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Shannon | 1111111111—10 | Johnson | 1101111111—9 |
| Ragan | 0111111011— 8 | King | 0011111111—8 |

The stakes were given up by T. Dewsnap, final stakeholder, at the Broadway Shuffling Saloon, 243 Broadway.

PIGEON MATCH.—On Thursday, 25th instant, a valuable double-barrel gun, of British manufacture, will be shot for by subscription, on the ground attached to the Sportsmens' Arms, Ninth street and Third avenue, Brooklyn. Open to all; the first bird to be trapped at one o'clock, P. M. A plentiful supply of pigeons on hand for sweepstakes, after the above match is over. The cars from the South Ferry and Fulton avenue run past the door.

## CANINE.

CHALLENGE.—I will match my dog Paddy, 32¼ lbs., give or take half a pound, against the Doctor's dog Viper, for one or two hundred dollars a side, in five or six weeks from the day of making the match. I can be found at T. Thompson's, corner of Broad and Wood streets, Philadelphia. SHERRY ROBERTS.

THE MATCH between Dutch Crist's slut Betsey, alias the Forty Acre Pet, and Mr. Smith's South Brooklyn slut Rose, each 19 pounds weight, for fifty dollars a side, will come off at Harry Jennings', 49 Madison street, on Tuesday evening, March 2d, at 8 o'clock. A lively little mill is anticipated.

WHISKEY AND JACK.—The very exciting match between T. Chaffer's dog Jack, and John McMahon's dog Whiskey, for $200 a side, is attracting considerable attention among the fancy, and promises to be a sporting event of unusual interest. An additional deposit of $50 a side has been made, making the amount now down $200 in all. The fight is to take place on Wednesday of next week, March 3d, at Jacob Roome's, 140 Church street, at 2 o'clock P. M.

RAT KILLING.—Yonkers, Feb. 22.—I, George Mottram, will back my black and tan slut Lady Washington, to kill 6 or 8 rats, against any 12 or 13 lb. dog in the States; or I will give or take three seconds to the pound, for $25 or $50; open to all, and bar none.

A RAT MATCH came off at the house of John Gledhill, No. 1231 Front street, above Franklin, Philadelphia, on Monday, Feb. 15th, for Mr. Walker's dog to kill 25 rats inside of 2¼ minutes, but time proved the winner by 25 seconds.

SPRING AND JACK.—Mr. Smith has matched his dog Spring against Mr. Bepper's dog Jack, to kill 25 rats each, for $25 a side—to come off at the house of John Gledhill, No. 1231 Front street, above Franklin, Philadelphia, on Monday, March 1st, at 8 o'clock P. M.

BOUNCE AND JACK.—Mr. Patrick Price has matched his dog Bounce against Mr. Cavanaugh's dog Jack, for $100 a side, catch weight. The match is to come off at McLaughlin's, 155 First Avenue, on the 10th of March, between 8 and 9 P. M.

VULCAN AND BELLE.—The dog Vulcan and slut Belle are matched to fight in two weeks, for $50 a side, at McLaughlin's, 155 First Avenue.

CRIB AND NETTLE.—A match has been made in Philadelphia for a fight between Patrick McIlroy's dog Crib and Charley Forrest's slut Nettle, for $50, catch weight. The fight is to take place at Patrick Carroll's, on Monday night, March 1st.

## CRICKET.

### TO THE CRICKETING FRATERNITY.

PHILADELPHIA, February 20th, 1858.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER—*Sir:* Was I an aspirant for fame as a newspaper scribbler, I should have troubled you often before, in reply to many of the effusions which have so frequently appeared during the last nine months in your widely extended sporting paper, relative to various disputes and incidents in the noble, manly, and youthful exercise—the "Game of Cricket," which has, and ever will be, the study and pride of my life as long as I have health and strength to participate in its pleasures. As your paper is not overcrowded at present with reports of matches, you will, perhaps, do me the favor of giving room to a few lines from an old Cricketer on the newspaper war now going on between two of the first-class cricketers in this country, which is involving the reputation of their respective Clubs, "The St. George's" and "New York." For Mr. H. Waller I have a personal regard, and am not ashamed to acknowledge publicly that I yet owe him a debt of gratitude for many kind favors I have received at his hands; but as reference has been made to that *long disputed question* in Philadelphia, which your paper widely spread, with your own remarks upon it, at the time, I wish to say a few words on that and the present controversy. He no doubt knows what I said at the time "*that he was wrong*," and that I was surprised that a gentleman who has had the experience he has should dispute the question at all. I did not argue the point with any one, but I did say (and I *think coolly*) that it was no use having "Umpires in matches" if such things were allowed to be disputed. I was determined to take no more notice of it, (though I read all the letters you published on the subject,) and should not have done so now but for the already named reason.

With regard to the present controversy, I hope Mr. Waller will excuse me when I say that he and his party *did wrong to push the game*; the "New York Club" *did wrong to submit to it*; and the "Umpires," *especially, did wrong to endanger their reputation* by giving decisions when the light did not justify the correctness of their judgment. The slightest doubt in their decisions, for want of sufficient light, ought to have brought them to the conclusion that it was time to draw the stumps, no matter what state the game was in. I have observed in my experience (unfortunately for the game of cricket it is so) that generally "Umpires" are expected to favor the parties who invite them to stand, and the report of the match, with this supplement newspaper contention combined, seems to insinuate that such is the case; if so, it is *disgracefully wrong*. I will here state, for the good of others who may be called upon to stand in that capacity, that when I have had that honor, my attention to the strict letter of the game always made me forget the party I stood for. In this disputed match there seems to have been a display of enthusiasm which at all times, and on any occasion, is dangerous; it reminds me of a party who agreed to play a match by moonlight—as they could not well see the stumps, one side suggested a lantern to be placed at the back of the wicket in order that the bowler might see it; but when the striker wanted a similar favor attached to the ball, to determine its course, they would not allow it, and "*kicked it up in a row*," as the Yorkshire lads say in England, and ended it with a jolly good dinner, such as all *good cricketers* know how to enjoy. But as our excellent friend, Mr. Sharp, says, it's glorious to win.

My main object in addressing this note to you, is to prevail on these two excellent rival clubs to do away with this painful exhibition of animosity which is rapidly growing to personalities; it is doing more harm than good to the game, and is promulgating an opinion in the public mind that this noble exercise is a MERE CONTENTION instead of FRIENDLY STRIFE. If it is continued, will it not interrupt and disturb the proceedings of the convention which is about to be called together? Will it not ultimately prove ruinous to the concern, and send delegates home disgusted instead of being satisfied with their mission? If not stopped, I have my forebodings that such will be the case. Let me implore them to remember that healthy and graceful exercise makes healthy and graceful children, cheerful tempers, and grateful and loving friends. That each party will let honor, integrity and friendship unite them to form two active and respectable links of society, is the sincere wish of one who has looked on with exceeding regret that anything should have occurred to bring about such an unpleasant controversy, and I am also VERY MUCH SURPRISED THAT EITHER PARTY CAN RECONCILE THEMSELVES TO CONTINUE IT, and sincerely hope this will be the last of it.

I would recommend you, for the good of all cricketers, to publish "Dr. Franklin's Morals on the Game of Chess," which are certainly very applicable to the game of Cricket. If you have them not, and you wish it, I will send them. Wishing every success to your endeavors to give publicity to this manly game,

I remain yours, very respectfully, WILLIAM MILTON BRADSHAW.

[The above interesting letter, from our old and esteemed friend, Bradshaw, will, we sincerely hope, have the desired effect of assuaging any bitterness of feeling which the controversy in question may have given rise to; a controversy carried on between the representatives of the two great and hitherto friendly clubs of America, "New York" and "St. George." That the matches between them are looked forward to with more interest than all others, and that their conduct is taken as an example by the generality of clubs throughout the Union, are undeniable facts, which should have the effect of deterring all friends of the game from saying or doing anything whatsoever that would in any manner compromise that good feeling and friendly rivalry which, we are happy to say, has marked their intercourse for a number of years. The season is fast drawing upon us when their active co-operation will be needed in arranging and carrying out the various important engagements of which their own ground is usually the field of friendly strife; hence, our earnest desire is, that not one vestige of ill feeling should remain to mar the pleasurable prospects of a glorious and successful campaign. For ourselves, we have, in our desire to remain impartial, refrained both in our report of the match, and since, from encouraging anything that would tend to cause any ill-feeling between them, while at the same time we have given place to any communication referring to the subject that has not contained any unnecessary personalities, for the reason that we believe a full and open discussion of points at issue promotes among our younger and less experienced brethren a familiarity with the laws, &c., of the game, which, our readers will agree with us in saying, is a very desirable consummation. This course has been and ever will be our aim, so long as it remains consistent with our views, in reference to the success of cricket.—ED. CLIP.]

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THE DISPUTED POINT IN CRICKET.—New York, February 22, 1858.—MR. EDITOR—*Sir:* I trust you will pardon me for again intruding on your valuable space. Since my communication in reference to the late "disputed match" in your columns, I have noticed a reply received by some correspondent, (doubtless a member of the St. George Club,) in the "answers to correspondents" in *Bell's Life*, of Jan. 31st, which must for ever set at rest any *pretended* claim the St. George may have fancied they had to the match in question. The following is a copy of the answer received:

"*St. George vs. New York C. C.*—If it was agreed at the commencement of the match that the stumps should be drawn at six o'clock, should be binding throughout; if, however, on the second day, the umpires, *with the consent of their sides*, agreed to play longer (specifying a time) while sufficiently light, in order to finish the game, the men should have been sent in, and the party refusing should, in our opinion, lose the ball played for. It is customary, and frequently done in England, and we should always decide in the same manner, although we ought never to be troubled with such questions from cricketers. The answers before were to the *questions*; no mention was made that the umpires had agreed to play longer."

Now, sir, from the first I have contended that the agreement having been made on the first day to draw stumps at six o'clock, it was "binding throughout." Also, that the umpires had not the right *without the consent of the managers of the match* (who represent their sides) to continue the game after the time agreed upon. In taking leave of this unpleasant affair, allow me to pay my tribute of respect to the impartiality you have exhibited, not only in this, but in all disputes of the same kind; and I trust the same spirit will always be shown by you, and there can be no doubt that the CLIPPER will continue to be *the* cricket journal of America. JAMES HIGHAM.

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ANOTHER HARD TIMES PERFORMANCE.—Chicago, Feb. 8, 1858.—DEAR CLIPPER:—I noticed a paragraph in the CLIPPER some time ago about a man who was in want of funds, and carried weight to and fro, across the street, for a certain compensation; a similar case has just transpired here to day:—A young man, rather hard up, happened into one of our printing offices, and, picking up a fife belonging to the "devil," played one or two airs; he was asked by one of the "jours" to play Yankee Doodle; —he said he would for five cents, or for a dollar he would play all day. One of the proprietors said he would give him a dollar if he would play all day, allowing him one hour for dinner. The young man sat down, and went to work, playing from 9 to 12 o'clock without cessation, and commencing again at 1 o'clock, P. M., and playing until 6 o'clock, in spite of all the jokes and jeers cracked at his expense. At the close of the day's work, the "fifer" pocketed his "slum" with apparent satisfaction.

Yours in sport, R. T. B.

SPORTS! SPORTS!
Exercise! Exercise!! Exercise!!!
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No. 30 Ann street, New York.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1858.

FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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## PHYSICAL DEGENERACY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

MORE ANGLO-SAXON SPIRIT RECOMMENDED.

The above is the heading prefixed by the New York *Herald* to a leading article, transferred to its columns from the "leading journal of Europe," the *London Times*, and which is also published in full in other daily newspapers in this city. The tendency of the writer of the article in question is to show, upon the evidence furnished by American authorities themselves, that the physical constitution of the American people is degenerating. We quote the following extracts from it:—'Within the last few years there seems to have arisen a feeling that the American, physically, is not what he or she ought to be. Parents and schoolmasters and schoolmistresses are exhorted to take care of the youth of both sexes who are growing up under their charge, and to see that they do not turn out mere intellectual prodigies without any bodily stamina. From all sides are heard complaints of the neglect of exercise by all classes of the American population, and warnings that the physical structure of the people is deteriorating in consequence. Among the well-to-do classes it seems undoubted that the standard of health is not so high as in England. The men are generally dyspeptic; though often tall, their limbs are not developed; the muscle of the arm and the calf of the leg seem wanting, the cheeks are sunken and the cheekbones high; both sexes are certainly very subject to baldness, and the early loss of teeth is so common that we cannot wonder that American dentists enjoy a high place in the profession." "The athletic sports of the English are held up as an example, though with a kind of wonder that youths, and even grown men, should take such pleasure in leaping a fence, striking and catching a leathern ball, or kicking an inflated bladder. Lately we believe that *Cricket* has been naturalized in the States, with what success the future must determine. But it is certain that the Americans, both young and old, are with difficulty led to take any muscular exercise. Perhaps in the dry air of America there may not be such absolute need of exercise as with us, but the effect of it in *preserving health and imparting a manly character*, must be the same in all countries."

Such are the sentiments enunciated by that journal, which is confessedly the most powerful and intellectual in the New and Old Worlds, and it is with feelings of pride and self-satisfaction that we quote them, as being precisely identical to those we have ourselves expressed in the CLIPPER from its commencement. We have insisted upon the beneficial results of a well regulated system of athletic sports and exercises, and have ever been found the warm and strenuous supporters of manly sports. As our readers well know, in us the noble game of Cricket, which the *Times* says has lately been naturalized among us, has ever found an unswerving supporter and advocate, and, we can assure our trans-atlantic friends, the game bids fair to be as popular and general here as on the original soil. Rowing is also as general here as in England, and there is a growing taste for those and other athletic sports recommended by the *Times* springing up among our rising population. It has ever been our object to foster this taste, and direct it into the proper channel, and we have never ceased pointing out the beneficial influence that the practice of those manly sports exercise on the physical and mental constitution of the people. In this we have stood almost alone, but now that the subject has attracted the attention of our daily contemporaries, (who find to their surprise that their great compeer of the press in England ascribes the allowed physical degeneracy of Americans to the fact of the non-existence or rather non-prevalence of manly exercises among them,) and that it is a subject of national importance, we may reasonably hope to have their assistance in the great work of naturalizing among us athletic sports of every description, and making their practice an important element in the education of our youth.

## LATER SPORTS ABROAD.

*From Bell's Life in London, Jan. 24.*

### THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

JAN. 26.—Bob Brettle and Bob Travers—£100 a side, London.
26.—Jaques and Smith—£25 a side, Manchester.
27.—Bodger Crutchley and Sam Millard—£50 a side, London.
FEB. 2.—Andrews and Hawkes—£25 a side, London.
23.—Crockett and Tyler—£60 a side, London.
MAR. 2.—Bayliss and Keyte—£25 a side, London.
MAY 26.—Bob Travers and Johnny Walker—£100 a side, London.
JUNE 15.—Tom Sayers and Tom Paddock—£150 a side and the Belt, London.

**Gallant Contest between John Hartley and James Keefe.**

The encounter between the above named candidates for milling fame took place on Tuesday, when the followers of the Ring had the pleasure of witnessing one of the gamest and hardest battles that has taken place for some time on the "Home Circuit." Keefe is a younger brother to the once-renowned Jack, and until Tuesday had never fought within the ropes; but, to his credit be it said, no lad could have made a more honorable and satisfactory *debut*, for, though victory did not crown his efforts, still, by the gameness and resolution he displayed, he won the admiration of all. Hartley has fought once or twice prior to this contest, and acquitted himself in a manner to gain the good opinion of his friends. The combatants were confined to 7st. 7lb., and the stakes for which they contended amounted in the aggregate to £22, Keefe staking the odds of £10 to £12. The weighing took place on Monday at Harry Orme's, the Jane Shore, Shoreditch, when both combatants were found to be well within the mark, and were likewise in tip-top condition. Among the Easterns the match had produced immense excitement, and a strong muster of these staunch and enthusiastic patrons of boxing were present on Tuesday, mingled with whom were some few of the upper crusts from the aristocratic West. When the ring had been got in readiness the combatants lost no time in stepping within the ropes. Keefe had for his seconds his brother Jack and George Brown, while Harry Brunton and Tom Brookes waited on Hartley. On peeling, the appearance of the men presented a very striking contrast; for Keefe, who is at most not more than out of his "teens," was full four inches taller than his antagonist, though in make he had not about him any of that sturdy compactness that denotes muscular strength. Master Jem, though tall, was remarkable for his thinness; and certainly it did appear to be most extraordinary how a lad of such lath and plaster build could stand the wear and tear of this game battle so long as he did, a proof that he was endowed with better qualification in point of stamina and *physique* than his shadow-like build led us to expect. In betting he was the favorite at 30 to 20, and the needful was invested to a heavy amount, there being plenty of willing takers, the friends of Hartley being anxious to put the "pot on." Although neither of the combatants is a member of the Pugilistic Association, yet Inspector Duncan was at his post, and did all he possibly could to keep a fair ring. By 25 minutes to 2 o'clock the lads had received the finishing touch from their attendants, and their toilets being thus completed, they were conducted to the scratch.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The attitudes of both lads showed they were well used to the practice of boxing, while the confidence displayed by Keefe (this being his maiden effort) was remarked by all as being somewhat extraordinary. But little time was occupied in sparring before Keefe opened the ball, dashing out the left on the nob. Hartley immediately countered, and planted a stinger on Master Jem's proboscis, which instantly produced a supply of the crimson. As Hartley broke ground, Keefe kept manœuvring with him, until at length they closed, when Hartley went down in the middle of the ring.

2. On the instant "Time" was called, Keefe came springing from his corner, and on meeting, they at once went to work. In some slipping exchanges with the left both got on in an effective style on the nob, when Hartley, in breaking away, got near the ropes, and as Jem came dashing at him, went down on one knee.

3. Keefe, from the immense superiority he possessed in height, could lead with advantage, and in thus commencing the attack he administered the left full on the nob, and got cleverly away. After some manœuvring they again got within range, when Hartley countered with his opponent heavily with the left on the knowledge-box As Hartley, who was remarkably nimble on his pins, shifted his position, Jem, not to be denied, followed, and after some pretty and well-executed exchanges near the ropes, Hartley, to avoid the close, slipped, and went down.

4. Fine exchanges with the left, both men doing execution on the dial. Jack, in springing back, was followed up by his opponent, when he slipped, and fell on his back.

5. Keefe planted a rattling spank with the right on Jack's left peeper, when Hartley, after a rally, went down in Jem's corner.

6. Merry exchanges; Keefe again getting home in an effective manner on Hartley's damaged daylight. Jack was, however, by no means idle, for he planted the left heavily on the *os frontis*. In a spirited rally they fought with both mawleys, until Hartley got down near the ropes to avoid the close.

7. Hartley dashed out the left, but was not within distance; Keefe on the instant returned, when Hartley, in jumping back, slipped, and went down on his knees close to the ropes.

8. Jack, springing at his opponent, delivered one for his nob, Keefe, as his opponent retreated, followed, with something of the impetuous rush that at one time was such a characteristic feature in his brother's fighting, and, after getting home heavily on the nob, Hartley went down.

9. Hartley delivered a flush hit on the ivories with the left, and got well out of danger. In a second attempt he only partly succeeded, when Jem dashed at him, and in some spirited and rapid fighting to the ropes Hartley went down.

10. Heavy exchanges on the head, and Hartley, as he broke ground, was followed with the utmost spirit by his antagonist. In a spirited rally they got on the ropes, when Hartley went to grass in Jem's corner.

11. Keefe, in leading, planted the left on the nob with stinging severity, but in return napped a heavy hit on the breast, and then, as Hartley dashed at him, went down, receiving, however, a sharp thwack as he did so.

12. Keefe planted heavily on the head with both mawleys. Hartley returned in determined style, and then went to grass.

13. Jem, in a masterly style, delivered the left and right full on the cranium, when Hartley, in breaking away, slipped, and being unable to recover his equilibrium, went down.

14. Keefe dashed out the left, and administered a rattling spank on the head, and was likewise busy with the right on the body. Hartley, in a rally, fought gamely with his mag, and as a finish fell.

15. Jem led and planted one on the nob, when the lads immediately fought with both mawleys in the most resolute manner, until Hartley, on getting near the ropes, went down on his knees.

16. This was a hard-fought and gallant round. Hartley, in making a half spring at his antagonist, planted a stinger with the left full on the face. Keefe countered with his man on the instant, doing considerable execution with the right. Hartley for the moment seemed to be a little confused, and as Brunton and Brookes partly stood in front of him, they were ordered back by the referee. Jem on the instant went dashing in, and in a rally they fought to a close, when Hartley fell.

17. Heavy exchanges, when Hartley, partly from the effects of the hitting, went down on one knee. On the instant he recovered his equilibrium, and the combatants, in a pretty rally, fought in the most spirited manner to a close, when Jack went to grass.

18. Hartley, in leading, slipped and fell, but instantly jumped up and renewed the round. In a rally they fought to a close, and went down in a harmless fall.

Thus far have we given a description in detail of the game struggle between these usflinching champions; and though the contest, we admit, for its intrustic merit, is worthy a more lengthened report, yet the want of space will prevent our extending the description of the rounds further. Our reader must be content with a brief summary of the subsequent proceedings, in which, as far as our space will permit, we will give all the most striking and leading features of this game and hard fought battle. When the men had been fighting about an hour and a half, Keefe, who had been making terrific use of his right mawler on the ribs, appeared to have the battle well in hand, for Hartley, for many rounds, had been receiving the lion's share of punishment. The friends of Jem looked upon it as being almost a certainty, as Hartley was unquestionably in "queer street," and it looked any odds against him. At every fresh call of "time" he came up with unyeilding perseverance, and at length, having recovered from the effects of the rib-roasters he had received, went to work with renewed energy, doing execution on Keefe's knowledge-box. Keefe was fearfully distressed, and had sustained some injury to his right mawley; but still, as round followed round, he kept coming up with a resolution that was the admiration of the spectators. Again and again did this obstinately-contested battle change, first on one side and then on the other, until at length the superior *physique* on the part of Hartley enabled him to take a decided lead, and for the last twenty rounds of the contest Keefe had not the remotest chance of winning. To the credit of his backers it must be stated that they wanted him to cry "hold, enough!" but this he scorned to do; once, when the sponge was improperly thrown up by Hicks, who was in his corner, out of compassion, he went to the referee, and told him that he would fight on, though from what we could see he was nearly blind with both eyes. At length, on the termination of the 126th round, his brother Jack threw up the sponge in token of submission, and thus ended one of the most exciting and gamest battles that has ever been witnessed between lads of so little pretentions to milling excellence. Throughout this contest there was only one absolute appeal made to the referee, this being on behalf of Keefe; but this functionary did not feel called upon to interfere. The men had been fighting desperately in the round, and got on the ropes; Keefe got away and fell, with his back close to the referee's feet; while in this position it is alleged Hartley hit him with his left, but not with any particular force. The rules of the Ring, it must be borne in mind, are to guard against a wilful and wanton act of cowardice, and not to terminate such a contest as this when both men were fighting with the utmost resolution. The contest occupied three hours and three minutes, and though Keefe has still much to learn relative to the science of boxing, yet there can be no doubt that if proper care is taken of him he will in time turn out "a star." He has a dangerous hit with his right, and until he injured that mawley he delivered it on the ribs with great force. His friends, though heavy losers, are perfectly satisfied, and it is suggested that he should be paid for his colors the same as if he had won, and we hope that this good intention will be carried into effect, for a lad of "truer feather" never peeled in the Ring. Hartley is a good and clever little boxer, and will always prove a teaser to men of his weight and inches.

### THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

TOM PADDOCK AND TOM SAYERS, £150 A SIDE AND THE BELT.—Another deposit of £10 a side for this exciting affair was duly made at Alec Keene's, on Wednesday. The next, of £10 a side, must be posted at Mr. J. Myers', Black Lion, Middlesex street, Whitechapel, on Wednesday week. The Champion's benefit on Thursday night, at the Britannia Circus, Ratcliff-highway, was a bumper, crowds being refused admission soon after the doors were open, and the sparring was the best that has been seen for some time.

GOOD FIGHT.—One of the best little fights that ever came off in Hampshire took place on Wednesday last, January 20th, near Hayling Island, between Teddy Mottle of London and Curley Richards of Bristol, for £5. It lasted one hour and five minutes, during which 48 rounds were fought, chiefly in favor of Mottle, when the "Blues" appeared, and put a stop to further proceedings; and the stakes being small the backers agreed to give the men the whole of the money sooner than put them together again. But if Curley does not feel satisfied, Mottle will fight him for £25 a side, and give him £2 to fight in the London district. If articles and £5 are sent to us a match will be made.

NICHOLSON AND NOONING.—The fight between L. Nicholson and J. Nooning, for £10 a side, came off on Wednesday, January 21, 1858, at Dunford Bridge, in the county of York. They fought thirty-three rounds in 44½ minutes. Nicholson took the lead, and knocked Nooning down in 28 successive rounds, and was declared the winner.

THE LATE FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSAIP.—We have received the following from Harry Broome:

MR EDITOR: I trust that you will afford me a short space in your columns to make a few explanations relative to the recent fight for the Championship. I was so disgusted, disappointed, and betrayed by the results of that transaction, that if the person who brought so much dishonor both upon me and the Ring had not added calumny to cowardice, I should, in pity to him, have been for ever silent; but as his tongue has been more active than his hands, and through himself and his agents many absurd rumors have been propogated, I beg to place the whole matter before you and the public, and the part played by me and my gallant *protege*. First, it has been stated Benjamin fought for his own money; and that, in order to raise it, he parted with a portion of his farm. I fearlessly state that he never had a shilling of money, and as to a farm, not the size of the roped ground he so dishonored. It has been also stated that I induced Benjamin to make the match. So far from this being the case, it was at his own earnest solicitation; and I have before me several letters, which I hand to you, stating his desire to fight Tom Sayers, and play Jack Langan's part, but he hoped with better success. In another letter he states his certainty of success, and that he would not play the old Slasher's game in running after his man. I saw him do great things with the gloves; and you, yourself, Mr. Editor, with your vast experience, in the first round, from his height and shape, condition and attitude, thought him cut out for work. I am a loser on the fight, and what is worse, I have been made the object of unjust suspicion; it is alleged I laid against him, but I declare most solemnly I never laid one penny against him, and I dare any of my calumniators to say I did. It is a humiliating thing to confess, but I acknowledge I have been made a dupe of, and I regret to think the gentleman that stood at his back has also been deceived. It would appear as if in this man it took up a serpent to sting me, for after the fight my house was open to him, and when gallant Jemmy Massey offered him a home he preferred going elsewhere, soliciting paltry loans in order to bring disgrace upon us. I am, up to this hour, considerably out of pocket by bringing Benjamin in first rate trim into the ring; but this money I know I will not lose, as I had the word and guarantee of a gentleman, before I entered into the matter, that I should be remunerated in full. In conclusion, I have only to regret that, for such a backer and master, Benjamin did not show more pluck and manliness.

January 22. Yours, &c., HENRY BROOME.

DEATH OF SMITH (THE CHEQUER LAD.)—We have to record the death of Tom Smith (the Chequer Lad) of Leeds, which took place on the 4th instant at Leeds. He has left a widow and five children quite destitute. Tommy was one of the old school. His last fight was with Sam Simmonds, by whom he was defeated, August 26, 1844.

DEATH OF SHYLOCK.—This poor fellow breathed his last at J. Booth's, Grapes, Friar-street, on Tuesday last, after an illness of three days. He had long acted as *maitre d'armes* to the heroic Spider. The deceased was once the antagonist of Plantagenet Green.

### PEDESTRIANISM.

W. JACKSON (THE AMERICAN DEER) AND HILL (THE NAILOR OF THE LYE WASTE).—At Aston Cross Grounds, Birmingham, on the 18th, the public were again in attendance in large numbers to witness the three miles match, for £10 a side, between these men, Hill receiving 20 yards start. Jackson is so well known as a pedestrian for the last 20 years, that little need be said respecting him more than this, that he ran under great disadvantages, having a severe cold upon him, but still looked as well as ever, and his style of quiet easy running was the same as in former years. Hill looked in excellent condition; he also is well known, having run many races with success. His last match was with Manks, in a five miles spin, Manks beating by 20 yards, in November last. There was but little betting on the match, for it was whispered about that it was very doubtful the race was square. We have made every possible inquiry respecting the possibility thereof, and we have no hesitation in saying that the report was without foundation. Although we do not hesitate stating that there are parties in Birmingham who wished a "barney," Jackson told his friends he intended to win if possible. What betting was done was in his favor. The men had to run 24 laps round the grounds (eight laps to the mile). At half-past four they got away at a rattling pace, Hill keeping the lead up to four laps round, when the Deer caught him, and they ran together for a short distance. At the mile the Deer bounded away with ease, taking the lead, and gradually increasing the distance between them, and at two miles he was 30 yards a head, Hill running, nevertheless, in excellent style, and at the two and a half miles made a vigorous effort to make up his lost ground, but it was of no avail, for the Deer with ease darted forward and landed himself a winner by 30 yards amidst loud cheers. Time, 16min 4 sec—first mile 5min, second 5½min, third 5min 34sec.

WALKING FEAT.—Mountjoy, the veteran pedestrian, began the feat of walking 60 miles per day for three successive days, on Thursday week, starting at five p. m., from the Wellington Inn, Barnsley, and walking from there to the White Bear Inn, Kirkgate, Wakefield, three times a day to and fro. He finished his first twenty miles in five hours and forty minutes, his second in four hours and 35 minutes, and the third journey he completed in five hours and 10 minutes. On the second day he finished the first 20 miles in five hours and 10 minutes, the second in five hours and 30 minutes, and the third in five hours and 15 minutes. His journey on the Saturday were began and finished in the same time. The man is in his 58th year, and has beaten 72 of the best men of his day, and also won 100 matches against time, horse, &c., and the Marquis of Waterford's bloodhounds.

### THE TURF.

MATCH TO RIDE ONE HUNDRED MILES IN TWELVE HOURS.—Mr. Bennett, a gentleman well known in the betting ring, matched himself to ride three horses, either to walk or trot, 100 miles in 12 hours, which came off yesterday, (Saturday,) at the Black Dog, Sunbury Common. The match was made at a well-known City club, on Monday last, and immediately a deal of speculation on it took place, in consequence of Mr. Bennett taking odds, from 2 to 1 down to 5 to 4, that he rode the match under 10 hours. The start took place at half-past six o'clock on Saturday morning at Hyde Park-corner, the rider trotting on to the Black Dog, Sunbury; he then rode five miles in and five miles out, and completed the task in a very easy manner in a few minutes under nine hours, the last 20 miles being done so easily that the backers of time took scarcely any notice of Mr. Bennett's riding being satisfied that they had lost. The rider rode in a pair of trowsers. A deal of money changed hands on the occasion, many persons thinking that Mr. Bennett would be beaten before the horses.

## VERY LATEST SPORTS ABROAD.

*From Bell's Life, January 31.*

### THE RING.

**Fight between Bob Brettle of Birmingham and Bob Travers,**

FOR TWO HUNDRED POUNDS.

THIS event, which has been looked forward to with great interest by both Brums and Londoners, was finally decided on Wednesday last—the trial of skill on Tuesday (the day originally fixed) having been brought to an untimely end by the interference of the powers that be, under circumstances to be hereafter detailed.

Before entering into particulars we will, according to promise, lay before our readers a brief catalogue of the doings of both men previous to the affair now in hand.

Bob Brettle, whose original fighting weight was 9st 8lb, but which has since increased to 10st 11lb, commenced his fistic career on the 14th of February, 1854, with Malpas of Dudley, whom he fought for £50 a side on Defford Common. It was a long fight, the number of rounds amounting to 80, and although the chances were in favor of Brettle, he was unable to clutch the victory just within his grasp, owing to a dispute as to an alleged foul blow on the part of his adversary having led to a wrangle, during which the referee gave conflicting decisions, which ultimately led to a division of stakes; the stakeholder being unable to ascertain which was correct. That Brettle was the better man, however, is undoubted, seeing that Malpas declined to accept all overtures for a fresh encounter. Bob now flew at higher game, and selected as an opponent the late Jack Jones of Portsmouth, about the most gallant and determined boxer of his time. The men met for £100 a side, near Purfleet, on the 21st of November, 1854, and, after fighting 49 rounds in 105 minutes, darkness came on, and a new place was appointed by the referee for the following Saturday. On that day Jones put in an appearance, but our hero was *non est*. Inquiry proved that he had been arrested by the police outside the Shoreditch station, and the referee being satisfied that this might have been avoided, awarded the money to Jones. This battle was, in our opinion, Brettle's worst performance, he having resorted to the dropping system, although Jones, who was far from well, was weak, and incapable of his usual vigorous onslaughts. In justice to Brettle it may be stated that he was full fleshy, and had to contend against the *prestige* of the most dangerous man of the day. Bob after this returned to Birmingham, and on the 20th of November, 1855, fought and beat Roger Coyne, for £25 a side, in 49 rounds, and 48 minutes, the result never being for a minute in doubt. His next encounter was with Sam Simmonds, the quondam opponent of Johnny Walker and Tom Lane. This, like his battle with Coyne, was another gift to Brettle, who put his man *hors de combat* in 12 rounds and 16 minutes, near Didcot, June 3d, 1856. Bob, who by this time had increased considerably in weight, now turned Boniface, and his unvaried civility and good conduct having won for him many friends, it was thought he would relinquish the noble art, and stick to his business. But after Job Cobley's performances with Bob Travers and George Crockett, Master Bob could not resist the temptation of having one more shy, and accordingly made a match with Cobley for £100 a side, which came off on the 4th of August, 1857, at a well-known milling rendezvous. Cobley, from his artistic displays, was the favorite, but at the very commencement of the encounter Brettle contrived to plant such heavy right-handers under his left arm as to render that weapon perfectly useless, and Cobley, who is purely a left-handed fighter, was at once at his mercy. Bob's visitations to his head, neck, and ribs were rapid and affective, and Cobley, at the end of forty-seven rounds and ninety minutes, was so completely used up that he ended the battle by falling without a blow, and Brettle, who had scarcely a mark, was hailed once more the conqueror. It was not long after this that a challenge emanated from the gallant Travers, who, although defeated, after one of the best battles on record by Cobley, still thought himself equal to the task of whopping the Brummagem hero, who he alleged had only defeated Cobley by accidentally planting his right in a position from whence he (Travers) thought himself fully capable of warding it off. The challenge was originally for £200 a side, and was at once accepted by Brettle, but on the men meeting to draw articles Travers declared himself incapable of raising that amount, and after some little dalliance Brettle consented to make the match for £100 a side, at 10st 2lb. He also consented to a further stipulation on the part of Travers, which was, to weigh on the morning of fighting, Travers having an idea that if they weighed the previous day his opponent might have gained some four or five pounds in weight, and so have a further advantage. As it turned out, however, the ceremony might just as well have taken place at the usual time, Brettle, at the scale, being barely 10st in weight, and certainly as big as he ought to be consistently with condition. Bob was formerly a worker in glass near Birmingham, in which town he appears to be a universal favorite.

Bob Travers, formerly known as Nat Langham's Black, weighs about 9st. 9lb., and his last-known place of residence, prior to his appearing at the Cambrian Stores, was Manchester, once renowned for its race of pugilists. He made his salaam in the P. R. with George Baker, for £25 a side, October 29, 1855, near Tilbury. Ten rounds were fought in 23 minutes, Bob doing precisely as he liked, when the Essex constabulary rushed to the fore, and put a stop to the mill. An adjournment took place to the following Saturday, when the lads met at Long Reach, and Bob, in 10 more rounds, occupying 20 minutes, finished his job with barely the semblance of a scratch. On the 5th of February following, he met the game but un-

scientific Jesse Hatton, for £25 a side, and at the end of 76 minutes, during which 39 rounds were fought, was again heralded as the victor, and with scarcely more punishment than he received from Baker, while Hatton was fearfully mauled. Bob now had, (what was thought,) the temerity to meet George Crockett, one of the cleverest men out. They fought for £50 a side, near Egham, on the 13th of May, 1856. It was a rattling and exciting mill, occupying 114 minutes, the rounds numbering 37. Crockett showed, perhaps, most science, but Bob's counter-hitting proved that his metal was the heaviest, and Crockett finding at the finish that he never could plant on the darkey without napping a heavier tap in return, was compelled to cry "go." Both were heavily punished, but the preponderance was with the Black. His gameness, perseverance, and patience were such as to win him golden opinions, and it was at once thought he would soon be at the top of the tree. His next encounter, however, was a damper to the hopes of his friends. It was the well-remembered struggle with Job Cobley, (the Enthusiastic Pot Boy.) The battle, which was for £50 a side, came off August 19th, 1856, at the Half-way House, and was one of the most determined we ever witnessed. There was no flinching on either side. The changes were numerous, and the spectators were wound up to a wonderful pitch of excitement. One hundred and ten rounds were fought in three hours and fifty-seven minutes, and ultimately the Black, who had fought several rounds with both peepers closed, was forced to acknowledge his defeat. Bob now turned his attention further north, and seeing a challenge from Gleghorn of Newcastle he was down upon that would-be hero like a hammer, and a match was made for £100 a side, which came off January 20th, 1857. It was not what could be termed a good fight, Bob, although his opponent was old and stale, displaying a caution which seemed to astonish even his own friends. Thirty-six rounds were fought in 87 minutes, and Bob won literally without a scratch. Had he gone to work at once there is not a doubt he could have performed his task in half the time. His remaining battle, prior to that about to be described, was with Bill Hayes for £100 a side, and was brought on the *tapis* on the Kentish Marshes on the 13th of May last. Here again, although Hayes was a mere shadow of his former self, Bob showed unusual wariness, and did not fight with the energy displayed earlier in his career. Probably, however, the *prestige* of Bill's name, and his well-known tumbling tactics induced Bob to be very leary, and not throw a chance away. The mill occupied three hours and forty-five minutes and 78 rounds, at the expiration of the last of which Bob again received the reward of victory.

We have thus brought the doings of both men down to the match in hand, and it only remains for us to put the finishing stroke to the business to render our account complete.

Almost from the time the match was made the interest created has been unusual, and the betting proportionately heavy, Brettle from the very first being the favorite. His friends had great confidence in his strength and powers of hitting with his right, and one and all declared that as yet the Londoners knew nothing of his performances with his left, which were fully equal, if not superior, to the capabilities of his dexter mawley. In addition to the Birmingham school Brettle was much fancied by many Turfites, including celebrated trainers and jockeys, who did not spare their purses in their investments. Travers, who has all along met with the patronage of the Corinthian order, was also not without friends ready and willing to take the odds offered by the countrymen. No pains were spared on either side to get the men fit. Bob Travers trained near Brighton, under the care of Scotch Bob, while Brettle, as usual, managed himself in the neighborhood of Hednesford, and we must say that no two men could have come to the scratch in better fettle. They arrived in town on Monday, and held the accustomed *levees*, Brettle at Harry Orme's, Jane Shore, Shoreditch; and Travers at Nat Langham's, Cambrian, Castle street.

Owing to the difficulty in obtaining a conveyance to the intended scene of action at any time after half-past eight, it was found necessary for the lads to be early at the scale, and shortly after seven o'clock the ceremony took place at Harry Orme's, in the presence of a large number of sportsmen. Both, as we have before said, were under weight, and the advantage was in favor of Brettle by some four pounds. This important event got over, the men and their admirers drove at once to the appointed starting-place, where a special was in readiness to whisk them in the required direction. The figure for conveyance there and back was extremely high, in the hope that the thing might be kept select, but notwithstanding the Herculean efforts of the officials, an immense number of persons forced their way in without payment.

Shortly before nine all were embarked, the signal was given, and off went the expedition. A run of some two hours and a half brought the travellers to their destination, and here Oliver junior lost no time in fixing the "materials." The ring was in readiness before twelve o'clock, but there was the usual delay on both sides in coming within its precincts, and even when the men did make their appearance, it was long before their toilettes were completed, and, in fact, they did not hold up their hands until nearly one o'clock. Had they been quicker in their movements, there is little doubt that the battle could have been brought to a conclusion before the unwelcome intrusion of the gentlemen in blue. The men and their friends have only themselves to blame for the expense and dissatisfaction occasioned by the necessary adjournment. Among the bets laid on the result which were placed in our hands were the following:—£150 to £100, £35 to £20, £30 to £20, £20 to £10, £10 to £5, &c., Brettle in each case being the favorite. The attendance of paying spectators on the occasion was very small, and the amount realised for inner-ring tickets was only £5 2s 6d; and we may here observe that, with the exception of Billy Duncan and Dan Collins, the ringkeepers did not exert themselves in a way to justify their selection on future occasions; and we may at once inform them that many of their names are "writ in our Black Buik," and, though we shall not print them, yet their qualifications will be borne in mind, and they need not be surprised to find themselves passed over for some considerable time in our selection of constables. It is now time to turn our attention to the business before us, and, promising that Brettle was seconded by Tass Parker and Joe Wareham, and Bob Travers by Jack Macdonald and Nat Langham, we will proceed at once to our description of

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Travers, on throwing himself into position, looked remarkably well, and his muscular points were brought out more prominently than we ever remember. He looked serious, but there was evidently no lack of confidence as to the result. Brettle was also in prime condition. He stood over the Black, and his superior length of arm was very remarkable. His arms, however, seemed almost destitute of muscle, the bulk of which was on his back and shoulders. It was nevertheless so placed as to convince every one that his powers of hitting must be very considerable. After a little fencing, during which the Black was cautious how he moved his left away from his ribs, he let go his left, but Brettle stopped him, and returned quickly with the right on the side of Travers' nut, and Darkey got down.

2. Travers again led off, but was short, and as Brettle was coming in with his right he slipped down in such a doubtful manner as to induce the referee to caution him.

3. After a few dodges, Brettle got home his favorite right heavily on Darkey's ribs, and the latter collapsed and fell, evidently in considerable pain, for he changed countenance and drew himself together as if touched in a soft place.

4. Not much time lost in sparring before Travers tried his left, but over-reached himself and fell.

5. Travers, puffing, was again short; after which some wild exchanges took place, in the course of which Brettle caught his man on the left cheek, and Travers dropped.

6. Brettle dashed in, planted his left and right, and Travers fell, Brettle over him.

7. Travers tried both hands, but was short, and Brettle returning quickly with the right on the ear, knocked him down. *First knock down* for Brettle.

8. Travers tried the left, but again fell short. Brettle made a similar effort, but the Black got away. Travers now, however, succeeded in planting his left on the cheek, and right on the ribs, and then got down.

9. After a little dodging at long shots, Brettle went in, planted his left and right on the top of the Black's nut, and Travers dropped.

10. Brettle went to work, but Bob was with him, and some sharp counter-hitting took place, Travers getting on to the mouth and drawing *first blood*, Brettle reaching the side of the head, and the Black got down.

11 and 12. After the slightest of exchanges, the Black slipped down.

13. Brettle delivered the right with severity on the neck, and Travers down.

14. Travers was short in his lead, and, in getting back, fell, the referee again cautioning him. The state of the ground, however, was such as in some measure to account for his falling.

15. Brettle at once went to his man, and swung out his right on the cheek, which led to slight exchanges left and right, when Travers got down.

16. Brettle again rushed in, got his right well on the body, the Black returning sharply on the kisser, and drawing more blood. The lads then closed and fell, Travers under.

17. Both missed their hits, and Travers slipped down.

18. After sparring a bit Travers led off twice, and was stopped. A third time he missed, and then slipped up and fell.

19. Slight exchanges. Travers on the left peeper, drawing just a tinge of ruby, and Brettle getting on the body, whereupon Travers dropped.

20. Brettle rushed in, delivered the left heavily on the body, and Travers down.

21. Travers, after getting a little one on the cheek, dropped.

22. Travers led off, but was short; he then sparred for an opening; tried again, but Brettle broke away, Travers followed, and some sharp exchanges ensued, which ended in Travers falling.

23. Travers feinted, and popped his left on the right peeper. He tried again, but missed, as did Brettle also with his return. Brettle followed up his man, got well on the ribs with the right, and Travers fell.

24. The Black again tried to lead, but was cross-countered heavily on the jaw by Brettle, and was knocked off his pins. It was all but a finisher, and it required all Macdonald's generalship and a plentiful application of cold water to enable him to come to time.

25. The Black came up very slow and groggy, and had Brettle only steadied himself, he might have administered the *coup de grace*, but he went in wildly, and planted on the side of Bob's nob, and Travers fell.

26. Travers, still slow, tried his left and right, but far out of distance. Brettle returned on the side of the head, and Travers down.

27. Brettle planted another good one with his right on the left cheek, and Travers down.

28. Travers sparred out of distance, and missed one or two good ones. They then got close, and in some merry exchanges each got it on the left cheek, and Travers fell.

29. Travers' nut on the left side was a good deal swollen, and the Brum had a mark under the left eye and the kisser, but otherwise there was nothing visible on either man. Brettle tried his left, but slipped; he recovered, and put in his left on the side of the nob, but not heavy, and Travers down.

30. Brettle rattled at his man, who got down, but as he was in the act of falling Brettle caught him on the brain-pan with his right a stinging hit.

31. Brettle dashed in with determination, got heavily on the ribs with his right, and Travers fell.

32. Travers led off, but very short. Brettle returned with the right on the back of his nut, and Travers fell

33. The Black in trying to lead off slipped down.

34. Brettle again got on the side of the cranium, but not heavily, and Travers down. After this eight more rounds were fought, if fighting it could be called. The Black slipped about, almost invariably missed, and several times went down in a very questionable manner. The referee cautioned him, but Travers pleaded the greasy nature of the ground—and to some extent that may be urged as an excuse—but still his falling on many occasions was anything but creditable Brettle fought him with great good temper, and several times got heavily on his adamantine nut with his right, but with no other apparent effect than injury to his own knuckles, which were much swollen, and evidently very painful. At the end of the forty-second round an alarm was raised that the police were on the ground, and the referee went to satisfy himself of the truth of the rumor, thinking it was a mere ruse. The news turned out to be too true, and the superintendent having informed the belligerents that if they attempted a renewal of hostilities even in the adjoining county he had orders to follow them, it was deemed prudent to return at once to the metropolis. The referee then called the men together, and informed them they must meet at a certain hour the next morning, when he would be prepared to conduct them to another scene of action. During the absence of this official from the ring we are informed the men fought another round, in which Travers deliberately threw himself down close to the ropes without a blow, but as the referee did not see it of course he could give no decision. The men, who did not seem to be materially hurt, had now to walk four miles to the place where their conveyance awaited them, and all having after some time taken their seats, the return journey was effected with all due celerity. The fight lasted one hour and five minutes. There was considerable dissatisfaction among the Brums at the tumbling performances of Travers, and the referee came in for the usual amount of abuse for not deciding in the way they considered right. Such remarks, however, were taken for just what they were worth, and had no more effect than similar filthy outpourings have had on previous occasions, that official feeling the utter impossibility of pleasing everybody, and making up his mind to the best of his ability to do justice to all parties, unaccompanied by too tight a hand, and too please himself rather than a set of ruffians whose mouths appear to be given to them solely for the purpose of sucking down the gin upon which they are reared, and carting out the abuse which is the only production their addled brains seem capable of bringing to maturity. We must add, in justice to Brettle and his backers, that we fully acquit them of the slightest participation in these attacks. From them, and indeed from all the true sportsmen of the Birmingham school, there was nothing that the most fastidious could complain of.

The men, on their return to town, after partaking of light refreshment, at once retired to their respective couches, and at an early hour the following morning were again up and eager for the fray. The houses of Langham and Orme, of course, reaped the benefit of the postponement, and until very far into the small hours on Wednesday morning were crammed with eager ring-goers, many of whom, however, in their eagerness, did such justice to the respective taps of their hosts as to be utterly unable to come up when "time" was called for starting. To the doings of that day, which fully compensated for the disappointment of that which preceded it, we must now draw the attention of our readers.

THE RENEWED COMBAT ON WEDNESDAY.

At the appointed hour on Wednesday the men and a very large number of their admirers, together with the friends and backers of Bodger Crutchley and Sam Millard, who, it had been arranged, should now fight in the same ring, assembled at the appointed terminus, and the route having been given, no time was lost in taking the necessary steps to reach the battle field. To accomplish this a vessel had been chartered by Nat Langham to meet the company in the neighborhood of Gravesend, and this craft was quickly crowded by a very miscellaneous company, much more numerous than on the preceding day, but not of quite so aristocratic a nature—most of the Patrician order having been so disgusted by the performance on that occasion as to prefer remaining in town to running the risk of a similar display. That they reckoned without their host was abundantly proved by the result, the second passage of arms being of a nature fully to compensate those who were staunch for both the disappointment and trouble of Tuesday, to say nothing of the expense. The *locus in quo*, which was the same field where Brettle vanquished Job Cobley, was reached shortly before one o'clock, and again was the ring pitched with commendable speed, but again, as on the Tuesday, was much time needlessly wasted before the men began to peel. The consequence of this was that the rougher genii among the mob pressed so close to the ropes, as to defy the efforts of the ring keepers to obtain a really good ring throughout the fight. These gentry were so eager either to lay out their own money, or to witness that ceremony among others, that they got jammed together, and there was no removing them. The betting was now quite even, and a good deal of money was again invested. It was clear that the friends of Travers were more confident than on Tuesday, and this confidence was in no degree lessened when the fact was ascertained that Brettle's right hand had been so much injured by its repeated contact with the Darkey's nob as to be almost useless. Neither of the men displayed any remarkable evidences of punishment, and if either had an advantage in this respect it was the Black. On entering the ring this day, there was a change as to one of Brettle's seconds, Jemmy Welch being substituted for Joe Wareham; in other respects all was the same. The change was certainly for the better, in most respects; but one fault Welch has, against which we wish to caution him. He is too fond of following his man up during the rounds, and on Wednesday, he, on many occasions, so completely obscured the men from the sight of the referee, that had anything untoward taken place, he could not have seen it. This is a fault against which we also warn Jack Macdonald, (in other respects the best second we know.) It has grown much upon him of late, and it may some day get his man into trouble. It was very near doing so on Wednesday, in the middle of the fight.

By half-past one all was once more in readiness. The office was given, the usual hands across took place, and the men re-commenced hostilities.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. It was at once perceptible that Brettle's right hand was quite gone. He kept it across his body, and showed no intention of using it. The friends of Travis instantly shouted, "It's all your own, Bob, go in and win." This was also the opinion of Bob himself, for, after feinting once or twice, he let go his left twice in succession, but Brettle jumped back. Travis followed, and got well home on the left cheek. Brettle retreated, Travers following, and dodging for another shy. At last he let go his left again, and was prettily countered on the nozzle. They were now well together, and instantly several left-handed counters of great weight were exchanged, Travers on the right cheek, and Brettle again on the cask. Each drew claret, and in the end Travers was down. His friends did not now look quite so confident, for it was evident then early that Brettle could use his left as easily as his right, and with equal severity.

2. Both had unmistakeable marks of punishment, and Brettle's left eye in particular looked as if nearly closed. Travers at once went to work, feinted, and popped out his left, which was stopped, but it led again to heavy counter hits on the cheek. Brettle's being the heavier, and Travers fell.

3. Both were short, and the Black, as Brettle rushed at him, fell. There was an appeal of foul, but the referee, on cautioning Travers to be careful, was assured by him that he twisted his foot in getting away, and that the fall was accidental.

4. Both tried the left, but each in turn stopped the other several times with neatness. Brettle then dashed in, planted the left heavily in the mark, and the right on the neck, and Bob fell.

5. Travers led off with the left, but was easily stopped. A second attempt was landed effectively on Brettle's forehead. Some dodging took place, until Brettle was within distance, when he sent his left very straight on the Black's ivory case, drawing more ruby, and knocking him clean off his pins. *First knock down* for Brettle.

6. Travers's whistler much swollen, and he came up looking unutterable things. He rushed in, and a heavy rally at close quarters ensued, until the Black fell.

7. Travers short in his lead, got too near, and napped another bot'un on the ribs. He now rushed to close quarters, and some merry in-fighting ensued, each getting pepper on the nose and mouth. In the end the Black was down in Brettle's corner.

8. After a few passes, they got at it, and severe counter hits were exchanged, Brettle heavily on the Black's right ogle, and Travers on the mouth. A close followed, and both were down.

9. Darkey's right peeper showed the effects of Brettle's handiwork. He at once dashed to in-fighting, and a sharp rally ended in Brettle's falling.

10. Travers again led off on the snout heavily, but Brettle countered him with the left on the throttle, and floored him in a trice. [2 to 1 was now offered on Brettle.]

11. Brettle, after a dodge or two, got home on Bob's neck, which led to a merry rally, each napping it on the cheek, and Travers was down.

12. Traver's right eye in deeper mourning; he dashed in, but getting only a little one on the cheek, dropped.

13. Travers led off, but was short. He persevered, and heavy body blows were exchanged, the Black doing execution on the ribs with his right. In the end he was down.

14. Travers once more out of distance. Brettle rushed to a close, and again threw Bob heavily.

15. Brettle, in turn, was short with his left, whereupon Travers rushed in, and got home with his left on the cheek, bored Brettle down, and fell over him.

16. Both missed their first shots, but the second was a tremendous exchange, each staggering back. Several hits on either side followed, Brettle forgetting himself, and planting his damaged right on Bob's body, and evidently giving himself intense pain. In the end Travers was down.

17. Brettle stopped Bob's lead, but Travers then got heavily on the ribs, and closed at the ropes, where a sharp struggle ended in both coming to grass, Brettle under.

18. To it they went with a will, and severe left-handed jobs took place, Brettle receiving a nasty one on the proboscis, and falling, Travers tumbling over him out of the ring.

19. Brettle again tried his right at the ribs, but fortunately for himself missed. The Black, however, returned on the cheek, and this led to very heavy counter-hits, in which the Black received a staggering hit on the gob. He recovered himself, and they went to work heavily, milling away until both fell.

20. The Darkey's mouth was all shapes but the right, while Brettle's left peeper was fast closing. Brettle took the lead, got very heavily on Bob's sneezer, and Bob fell.

21. Brettle again at home on the snuff box, whereupon Travers closed, and after an exhausting struggle, Brettle, by sheer force, pulled him to the ground.

22. Brettle feinted, and then got twice on the left cheek heavily, but the second time Bob countered him on the left eye. Brettle here again tried to use his right, but got all the worst of it, and in the exchanges he received heavily on the body and cheek. He staggered against the ropes, and Travers fell.

23. Both anxious to be at work, milled away in earnest, Brettle getting on Bob's good eye, and Travers on the left cheek, and in the end Travers down.

24. Brettle made another call on Bob's good peeper, Bob countering him well on the left goggle. They then closed, and some sharp body blows were exchanged in favor of the Black, who, in the end, got down to avoid the fall.

25. Brettle tried his left, but was short. Heavy counters on the cheek followed, and Travers fell.

26. Brettle's left was stopped, and after slight exchanges the Darkey fell.

27. After some slight exchanges, Brettle fell through the ropes. He was evidently tired from the pace they had been fighting, and his friends cautioned him to nurse himself.

28. Both slow to time, and on getting at it both fell weak after an exchange of body blows.

29. Brettle tried his left several times, but the blows had no steam in them. The Black, who now seemed the stronger man, jumped back, came again, got on the body, and after slight exchanges fell.

30. Both again very slow, and both nursing. At length they got at it, and Brettle once more shook his damaged right by planting it on Bob's ribs. Bob got well on the left cheek, and Brettle fell.

31. Travers, who was first up, tried his left three times, but missed. Brettle returned on the right cheek, and the Black fell, Brettle falling over him, the Black catching his legs as he came to prevent them coming on his face. An appeal was made by Brettle's friends, but it was obvious the Black did no more than was necessary to save his face from danger.

32. Brettle, still weak, stopped his man several times; but at last Travers got well on the left cheek. Exchanges followed, but not of a telling description, and Travers fell.

33. After mutual feints for a draw, they got close, and heavy counters were interchanged, Brettle turning on the tap from Bob's sucker, and napping a very heavy one on the mark. Both staggered back, and the Black fell.

34. Brettle again at home heavily on the mouth and nose, without a return. He stopped Bob's return, but as the latter bored in exchanges took place, and Travers fell with all the worst of it.

35. Travers let go his left on the cheek, and then on the side of the nut. He came again, and planted the right above the left listener, and, after some pretty exchanges, fell.

36. Both seemed fatigued, but when once they got together they worked with a will. Travers repeatedly lunged out, but Brettle got back. At last Brettle went to his man, and some severe give and take punching followed, until both fell, blowing like grampuses.

37. Both missed their left, and Travers, over-reaching himself, fell forward from weakness.

38. Brettle, who seemed now recovering his wind, went in, delivered a sharp left-hander on the right cheek, and counter-hits followed, which brought them to another determined rally, and Travers in the end fell weak.

39. Brettle delivered his left well on Bob's nozzle, received a sharp return on the left optic, and fell.

40. Travers crept cautiously in and dashed out his left heavily on the cheek. Brettle countered on the mouth, and they closed at the ropes, where, after a struggle, Brettle threw Bob and fell on him. [One hour had now elapsed, so that it will be seen they had been fighting most rapidly.]

41. Travers essayed a lead with his left, but was stopped. With his right he got heavy on Brettle's ribs, who returned on the right cheek, and Travers fell.

42. Heavy exchanges with the left, and then another beautiful rally, each getting it on the cheek, and Travers receiving another taste on the potatoe trap. In the end he fell weak.

43. Brettle made several efforts, which fell short of the mark; at last he got on the mouth, and repeated the dose on the same place very straight and heavy, and Bob, staggering back, fell.

44. Brettle again dashed merrily in, and once more planted his left straight on Bob's cheek, knocking him off his legs.

45. Travers came up evidently in difficulties, but on Brettle approaching he gathered himself together and went in, but missed his left. Brettle in retreating slipped down.

46. Travers, a little better, waited for the onslaught, and countered his man neatly, but not heavily. Brettle persevered, and Bob missed a well-intended upper-cut, and fell.

47. Heavy exchanges at close quarters, Brettle getting well on the right eye and receiving heavily on the body, and in the end both were down.

48. Travers now displayed an immense bump at the side of the right eye. He dashed to in-fighting, and, after a bustling rally, they closed and fell.

49. After another determined give-and-take rally, they again closed and fell, the Black under.

50. In this round, after a slight interchange of left-handed pops, Beetle closed and threw his man, but not heavily.

51. Brettle rushed at his man, who in retreating slipped down.

52. Mutual feinting until they got closed, and in a heavy counter-hit Brettle got on the right cheek, and the Black a terrific hit on Brettle's body, when the latter fell.

53 and 54. In these rounds Brettle, who seemed to be once more the weaker man, fell, after some harmless exchanges.

55. Blackey at once rushed to a close, and after a brisk struggle both fell.

56. Travers took the initiative, and went to work, when good exchanges with the left took place, which led to a close, and Travers was thrown, Brettle falling on him.

57. Travers dodged, and once more got heavily on Brettle's ribs, which brought on heavy exchanges. A break away followed, and Travers coming again, received a heavy hit on the cheek, Brettle falling from the force of his own blow.

58. Brettle down in the close, after a slight exchange.

59. Travers rushed in, and pegged away with both hands, but without precision, closed, and after a struggle both fell out of the ring.

60. Slight exchanges; a close, and Travers threw his man, falling by his side.

61. Travers rushed in, and made a tremendous effort to settle Brettle's hash. He got twice in succession on the cheek, and then on his body, and Brettle fell.

62. Travers persevered, and a tremendous punching round followed. Brettle, however, received the lion's share of punishment, and fell.

63. In this round Brettle got down on the saving suit, after a slight exchange.

64. Travers delivered his left twice on the cheek, and Brettle down, his left eye fast closing.

65. Travers dashed in, and they stood and countered one another with most undaunted pluck, full six blows being delivered on each side, and in the end Travers fell.

66. Travers came up bleeding from the mouth and nose. He again went in with determination, and a round similar to the last ensued, each hitting with great severity; Brettle's deliveries, however, were hardest, from his superior length, and he punished Travers severely on the mouth, nose, and right peeper, which was now completely shut up. Travers got on the body heavily, but in the end he fell weak, and it appeared to us that the tremendous efforts he had made in the last few rounds, so far from increasing Brettle's weakness, had taken the remaining steel out of Bob. There is, in fact, no doubt his bolt was shot.

67. Travers came gamely to his man, but not with the same vigor. Brettle quickly joined issue, got on the mouth heavily, drawing the carmine, and Travers fell. In the two following rounds Travers fell very weak from the slightest possible touch.

70. Travers came up with the carmine distilling from his kisser. He attempted a dash, but it was an expiring effort, and Brettle met him with a heavy left-hander on the jaw, which sent him to grass. After this the Black came perseveringly up for 30 more rounds, but not once did he make a turn in his favor. In several rounds he was knocked down, but Brettle had not much strength left, and could not effect much punishment. As time progressed Travers, who got weaker and weaker, resorted to the dropping system, apparently for the purpose of wearing out his man, who, however, nursed himself carefully and refrained from running after him, being content to pop in a little one when Bob came near enough. It was now that the loss of his right made itself felt, as it would have enabled him at once to deliver the finishing touch. The dropping of the Black became at last so palpable that appeals were made in almost every round, but as many times they were the result of evident weakness, the referee decided they were not wilful, but he at the same time expressed his opinion that the man should be taken away, and at length he sent one of his backers to caution him that if it occurred again, whether from weakness or not, he should infallibly give it against him. Brettle said he was willing to give it him all in, and finish the fight on its merits, but his friends insisted on the law being carried out. At length, in the 100th round, at the expiration of two hours and five minutes, after slight exchanges, they broke away, and as Brettle was again going towards his man, Travers, when at least a yard away, threw himself down, and the referee at once decided that he had lost the battle. His friends of course were highly indignant, and talked a good deal of nonsense about there having been an interchange of blows before the fall, and contended that therefore the decision was wrong. Had they, however, referred to the thirteenth rule of the Ring they would have found it to run as follows:—"13. That it shall be 'a fair stand-up fight,' and if either man shall wilfully throw himself down without receiving a blow, *whether blows shall have previously been exchanged or not*, he shall be deemed to have lost the battle; but that this rule shall not apply to a man who in a close slips down from the grasp of his opponent to avoid punishment, or from obvious accident or weakness." That the decision was a correct one there can be no doubt, and that such was the opinion of all the Black's friends, on calm reflection, we feel confident. The poor fellow had not a chance of winning for some rounds before, and it would have been utterly useless again to overlook the foul, for the mere purpose of giving him more punishment. During the last few rounds there was great confusion, and as usual the referee was hustled by would-be friends of both men; but, thanks to Duncan, Collins, and the renowned Tom Sayers, who volunteered his assistance, sufficient space was cleared to enable the official judge to see the finish clearly, and to give his decision dispassionately. The men were quickly removed from the ring, and after a few minutes' rest on their blankets upon the ground, were conveyed to the boat, both evidently much fatigued with their exertions. The bulk of the passengers remained to see the second fight between Crutchley and Millard, which being soon over, an embarkation took place by the light of the moon, and the metropolis was reached in safety soon after eight o'clock, the passengers (barring the losers) being in excellent temper at the unexpected treat that had been afforded them.

REMARKS.

Our observations shall be as brief as possible. Travers, we think, never fought so badly as he did on Tuesday, and never fought more gamely or resolutely than on Wednesday. His tumbling down on the first day was as unnecessary as it was reprehensible, and however much the ground served as an excuse, there can be no doubt that on one or two occasions his falls were of a most questionable character. That it was the result of fear we do not believe, for his manly perseverance and gluttonous propensities on Wednesday must have amply disproved the slightest suspicion of want of game. It was clearly bad judgment on his part, and perhaps was induced by his anxiety to save the money of his backers. We have so often descanted upon the evils of the system that it would be idle in us to enter again more fully into it, and we will conclude our allusion to it by expressing our intention in future, as far as lies in our power, to put a stop to the system altogether, and we would earnestly impress upon all who take upon them the office of referee the propriety of contenting themselves with one warning, and, on the second offence, putting an end to the contest by deciding against the perpetrators. If this is clearly understood we cannot but hope it will have the desired effect. Of Bob Travers's skill as a boxer there is no more doubt than there is of his undaunted pluck, and no one wishes him success more than ourselves. In selecting Brettle as an antagonist, however, he overmatched himself, and we have no doubt, had Brettle preserved the use of his right hand on Wednesday the contest must have been over in half the time. He was taller, longer, and stronger than the Black, and, it appeared to us, equally clever. Why he used his right so perseveringly on Tuesday we are at a loss to conceive, seeing that he possessed so good a weapon in his trusty left. He is a remarkably straight hitter with that hand, and if he would keep the right as a *piece de reserve*, he would be a most formidable antagonist to many heavier men than himself. From first to last he conducted himself in the quietest and most good tempered manner, and on Tuesday his refraining on many occasions from falling on the Black, or taking other fair advantages as the latter went down, gained for him golden opinions both from his own friends and the backers of Travers. It is very doubtful whether Bob Brettle will again enter the ring. He has, we are informed, a good business in Birmingham, and has saved a considerable sum of money. His conduct, however, has been such as to secure for him plenty of backers, and should he be tempted by a heavy stake once more to doff his flesh bag he will not lack supporters. Bob Travers, by his determined pluck on Wednesday, has also earned for himself a reputation among the Brums, to whom he is about to pay a visit. He will stop at Brettle's, White Lion Digbeth, and his quondam opponent has undertaken to do all he can to soothe him under his disappointment, and get him up such a benefit as the Birmingham School alone know how to give. Many of his friends have already paid him for his colors, and we doubt not that his perseverance will gain him plenty of friends to assist him in his match with Johnny Walker. It has not yet been decided when the stakes are to be given up.

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**Contest between Bodger Crutchley of Birmingham and Samuel Millard of London,**

FOR £50 A SIDE.

In the articles it was stipulated that the contest between these men should take place on Wednesday, this arrangement being made with a view of not interfering with the great match of the proceeding day, as it was thought to be impossible at this season of the year, taking into consideration the usual contingencies to be encountered by the Fancy in the pursuit of their favorite sport, to get to such mills off in the same ring. The most abstruse of calculators are sometimes found to be wrong in their "arithmetic," for those to whom the arrangement of matters was entrusted for the contest between Brettle and Travers never for a moment anticipated an interruption. The contest between Brettle and the Black having been interfered with as above described, and the referee having ordered a renewal the following day, the appearance of Millard and Crutchley was necessarily postponed, and the lads were compelled to play "second fiddle." When the contest between Brettle and the Darkey had been concluded it wanted about twenty minutes to four, so that there was full an hour-an-a-half daylight. Crutchley was eager to be doing, and lost no time in entering the ropes; but Milliard appeared to be extremely reluctant to do this, wishing to put the contest off until the following day, as his second did not think there would be much chance that day of the battle being brought to a satisfactory issue. They had evidently made up their minds to a long fight as well as a hard-fought one, but in this they were destined to be deceived in a most extraordinary manner, for the contest, in addition to the remarkably short time it occupied, was unquestionably one of the most one-sided affairs we have ever been called upon to record. Millard commenced his milling career by an encounter with one Forster, by whom he had the ill-luck to be defeated. His next attempt within the ropes was with the celebrated Joe Wareham, whom he placed *hors de combat* in forty minutes; after which he was

matched against the renowned Jack Keefe, for £25 a side. This contest took place at Lower Hope on the 8th of July, 1856, when Sam was again victorious, the contest lasting sixty-four minutes, during which sixty-four rounds were fought in the most game and courageous manner. Since this period Millard has not figured within the pugilistic arena, and, though originally coming from the hardware district, has for some time been residing in the metropolis in the capacity of publican. Crutchley has fought twice before in the P. R.—viz, with Cooksey, by whom he was beaten, and George Lane, whom he vanquished. Brettle, the successful opponent of the Black, has the merit of introducing this fresh candidate for milling honors to the London Ring, he having for some time past been officiating as waiter, &c, at Bob's hostelry, in Birmingham. He is a fine, sturdy made young fellow, of good muscular proportions, and during this brief tourney gave unmistakable evidence of being extremely *agile* in his movements. The combatants were confined to 9st 8lb, and on Tuesday they went to scale at Millard's house, the Globe, Brick-lane, Whitechapel; both were well within the prescribed limits, and were unquestionably well up to the mark as regards condition. Crutchley had for his seconds Jemmy Welsh and Joe Wareham, while Bill Hayes and George Brown were retained as "counsel" for Millard. The referee being appointed and the question of corners decided, the combatants commenced divesting themselves of their ordinary togs, the toilettes of both being completed with all possible despatch. In height and reach Millard possessed immense superiority over his antagonist, but though the contrast between them was striking thus far, yet in all other points the pull was unquestionably in favor of the Brum, for Sam, though a clean made fellow enough, had none of those points about him denoting the same *physique* as his opponent. The Birmingham party, being elated with the result of the first fight, were now more than ever ready to go the whole "animal;" but, notwithstanding they offered to back their man at the liberal odds of 3 to 2, there were not many willing takers. The combatants having received the finishing touch from their esquires, were conducted to the scratch, and left to begin

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Both men stood remarkably well, Crutchley, for first appearance in a London ring, displayed all that coolness and confidence so essential to a boxer. The lads manœuvred and counter manœuvred with much quickness, the Brum, with some pretty feints, trying to bring his antagonist out. At length he let fly a stinger with the left, getting home heavily on the breast. As Millard broke, Crutchley followed, and in again leading did not get sufficiently well in to do execution. A pause, again to it, the Brum planting on the nob heavily with both mawleys, producing the sanguinary fluid from Sam's nose, who in breaking ground retreated to the ropes. Millard tried to administer the left, but was not within distance, and in another attempt had the left stopped in excellent style. As Sam retreated Crutchley sprung at him, and delivered a tremendous hit on the left peeper with the right, cutting his eyebrow, from which there was instantly a fresh supply of the ruby. Heavy counters, in which Millard was sent to grass by a regular *knock down blow*.

2. Millard, in taking the initiative, hit short with his left, when Crutchley, in countering with his antagonist, got home with stinging severity on poor Sam's proboscis. In a rally they fought to a close, when Millard, who had all the worst of the bout, went down in the centre of the ring.

3. Sam in leading got home the left on the head, when the Brum returned the compliment with both mawleys with the utmost quickness. As Millard shifted his position the Brum followed, and in the counter-hitting again planted with staggering effect on the nose, producing more of the crimson. A rally to the ropes, and Crutchley, to avoid the close in an awkward position, went down.

4. Millard planted the left on the knowledge box, and in some spanking counters Sam delivered the right on the body, when the Brum slipped, and went down.

5. After a little sparring Crutchley lunged out with the left and right, getting home with slight effect. After a pause they again went to work, and when near the ropes the Brum went down to avoid the close.

6. This was a well fought and gallant round. The Brum in leading got on with terrific effect with both mawleys, and in a splendid rally the combatants got close to the ropes, when Crutchley went to grass.

7 and last. Crutchley again home with a rattler on Millard's damaged peeper with the right, and in a spirited rally the combatants closed, when Crutchley slipped down. Sam, on being picked up, was immediately taken to his corner, and on "time" being called for the renewal of the contest, to the infinite surprise of the spectators, the sponge was thrown up by Bill Hayes in token of submission, Millard having declined to continue the battle, which had not occupied more than twenty minutes. There can be no doubt that Sam had been hit very severely by his antagonist, with whom he did not appear to have the remotest chance of proving victorious, and we are informed that he had been suffering for some days with cramp in the stomach, and felt so exhausted that his friends deemed it prudent to remove him without submitting him to more punishment. It is said he will be prepared in a short time to make a fresh match for £50 or £100 a side, and there is little doubt that Crutchley will be willing to meet his wishes.

DOUBLE-EVENT BETS.—A question has been submitted to us for decision on the subject of double-event bets upon the results of the two fights. Those who named Brettle and Crutchley claim the bets as won, while the backers of the losing men claim a draw, on the ground that the first fight was not finished on the day originally named, and quote as their authority the Turf rule that, if the first of a double-event is a dead-heat or a draw, the bet is off. With all due submission to these gentlemen, we think they are wrong, and for this reason: Bets on prize fights are regulated by one of the rules of the Ring, which distinctly provides that, in the event of a fight not being decided on the day, *all* bets shall stand, providing the battle comes off within the same week, between Sunday and Sunday. The spirit of the bets clearly was not altered by the fact of the police having interfered on Tuesday, nor was the result of the fight affected thereby—it is by the spirit of the bets that they should be decided. According to equity the backers of the two Brums are, in our opinion, the winners, and are entitled to receive the bets.

FIGHT BETWEEN JACK SMITH AND JIM JAQUES (BOTH OF MANCHESTER,) FOR £25 A SIDE.—Now-a-days the county of Lancaster is not so famed for its pugilistic encounters as formerly, as they are few and far between, but when a contest in the P. R. is agreed upon by two combatants who possess any claim to honorable mention in that arena, it attracts a considerable degree of attention, and brings to memory lively recollections of by-gone days. The "Manchester School," even in these degenerate times, has still a few left who have pursued their studies in the noble art with advantage; and, as may be remembered, the last interchange of skill amongst its pupils took place on the 1st of December at Woodhead, on which occasion Jack Smith triumphed over Bill Singleton (alias Raddler,) after 91 reunds, which occupied one hour and fifty minutes; and on the same day Mulvannah had to yield to Ned Mullen's muscular powers. But the interest excited by these contentions for victory, was by no means so great or general in the sporting circles of Manchester as the "mill" between Smith and Jaques, which we are now about to notice. The articles stipulated that the event should be decided on the 26th of January, that neither man should exceed 10st 4lb, and that they should be weighed on the day previous to the fight. So far as age is concerned, Smith is bordering upon twenty-seven, whilst Jaques is on the shady side of thirty. The men went to scale on Monday last, at the Locomotive Tavern, Oldham-road, Manchester, when Smith proved a pound and a half under the prescribed weight, whilst Jaques was so near that he took off his flannel to prevent his exceeding it. The necessary preliminaries were then arranged, and Dunford Bridge was fixed upon for hostilities. The Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway affording easy means of transit, on Tuesday morning Jaques and Smith, accompanied by about seven hundred admirers of the sport, proceeded to the above hamlet, but unfortunately found about twenty of the rural police awaiting their arrival. A consultation then took place, and it was decided to remove the venue to the adjacent county. The crowd having arrived at the place selected, no time was lost in forming a ring, and Jaques shied his castor into it, Smith immediately following suit. The odds were 5 and 6 to 4 on Jaques, but the offers to lay were far more numerous than the takers. A referee having been appointed, the men began to strip, Smith being attended upon by Joe Douglas of Liverpool and Singleton, whilst Tom Emmett and Joe Long did duty for Jaques. The colors tied to the stakes, the lads proceeded to business. To give a detailed account of the fight would, we fear, only weary the patience of our readers; therefore, suffice it to say, that the match proved a very unequal one, for, after the third round, Jaques seemed to have lost all power of hitting, and his best efforts were mere pushes, divested of all power, and from that time he never had (barring accident) a shadow of a chance of success, though he struggled on gamely through 60 rounds. At this point nature completely failed him, he being severely punished about the head and body, and Smith, who was scarcely marked, was declared the winner, the fight having occupied exactly 1h 10min. We may add that Smith is a resolute and determined man, striking heavily with his right, but he has yet much to learn before he can take high rank in his adopted profession. His condition on Tuesday reflected credit on his trainer, Mulvannah (the late Jack M'Grath's Punch.) The stakes shall be sent on Wednesday to Mr. Holden's, White Lion, Millgate, Manchester.

NOON AND SIMMONDS.—This brace of bantams next entered the same ring, to contend for a fiver each, at catch weight, in which, as well as in height, Simmonds had decidedly the advantage. They gamely fought 22 rounds in 28 minutes, when, owing to Simmonds being severely punished about the head, his brother, (on his behalf,) declined the contest. The stakes were given up to Noon next day, and he may possibly, with care, occupy a still more prominent position at a future date.

FIGHT BETWEEN W. GLEGHORN, (NORTHUMBERLAND BILL,) AND J. GARRINGTON, FOR £20.—This was an *impromptu* match, at catch weight, arising out of some badinage which took place the night previous, when Gleghorn offered to stake £15 to £10, but upon that offer being taken up too eagerly, it was finally arranged that it should be for £10 a side. It will be recollected that W. Gleghorn has recently paid forfeit to Tweddle, and has already figured on several occasions in the P. R., and that he has acquired considerable fistic fame in the north. His opponent has also some slight claim to pugilistic celebrity, having fought four battles in the vicinity of Newcastle, and proved the conqueror in all. The arrangements having been made, a move was made on Thursday, January 21, at one o'clock, to the scene of the tourney, a quiet spot near Ponteland, about seven miles from Newcastle. A ring was soon formed, and without delay Gleghorn, shying in his castor, appeared in the "magic square," soon followed by Garrington. Though the affair was supposed to be on the extreme quiet, at least 300 people had now assembled. After other necessary preparations, the men shook hands and faced each other. Gleghorn stands about 5ft. 8in., and weighed 10st. 8lb., whilst his opponent was as fat as an alderman, weighing nearly 12st. The science of Gleghorn and his superior condition at once made him the favorite at 13 to 8, and eventually 4 to 1 was laid on him. On coming to the scratch the smile on his phiz seemed to admit of no doubt as to the result, whilst the serious square mug of Garrington betokened no less confidence. It was a merry busy fight, but towards the end Garrington resorted to the dropping system, and in the twenty-third round, at the end of thirty-four minutes, while he was on his knees, Gleghorn struck him a foul blow, and lost the battle.

# THE GAME OF CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ The pressure upon our space this week constrains us to say that a "little million" of correspondents shall be answered next week. Good! pile it on, gents, even to doubling the dose—it's good to take. Lynn and Boston hold the 1st and 2d places in our esteem, this time; to the former a private letter.

## SOLUTIONS.

OF PRELIMINARY PAWN STUDIES.

NO. 7.

If K move, he retreats to Kt sq, and wins: if P's, they push Kt P, and win.

NO. 8.

If K move:
1..K to Kt 3 P to B 4 | 2..K to R 2 P to B 5, and wins.

If P's move, they push B P; and on K going to Kt 3d, check with P; the K then goes to R 2d, and stops their march.

NO. 9.

If K have the move, the position presents no difficulty; if P's move, they advance B P, and K must go to R or B sq, to stop them.

NO. 10.

The P's will win under the general principle that they will have one at its 6th supported by another, with the third unmoved, ready to gain a move by first advancing one or two steps.

NO. 11.—K MOVES.

If to Kt 2d, P to B 5th: and if K to B 2d, P to R 6th, in either case winning.

NO. 12.

After the previous studies the position presents no particular difficulty; there is a curiosity, however, in the 2d supposed case. Were K on R sq, and had the move, he must go to Kt sq to win; and were he on Kt sq, he must go to R's.

OF PROBLEM NO. 98.

| White. | Black. | White. | Black. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1..R to Kt 5 (a) | K moves | 7..Q to Kt 5 | K × B |
| 2..R–B 7 | B × R | 8..B–Kt 2 | B × B |
| 3..Kt–K 5 | B × Kt | 9..Q–B 5 | K moves |
| 4..R–B 5 | K moves | 10..R–R 6 | R × R |
| 5..R–B 6 | " " | 11..Kt × B | Q × Kt |
| 6..Q–B 5 | K × B | 12..Q–Kt 4 | Q × Q, giving checkmate. |

(a) White's moves all give check.

OF PROBLEM NO. 99.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1..K R to his 8 (a) | K moves | 8..Q to K Kt 7 | K to his sq |
| 2..Q–K B sq | " " | 9..Q–K B 7 | K–Q sq |
| 3..Q–K Kt 2 | K–his B 2 *best* | 10..Q–K B 8 | K–Q B 2 |
| 4..Q R–K R 7 | K–his B 3 | 11..B–Q Kt 8 | K–Q B 3 |
| 5..Q R–K R 6 | K–his B 2 | 12..Q–her 8 | Q interposes |
| 6..K R–his 7 | K–home *best* | 13..B–Q 5 | R × B |
| 7..Q–K Kt 6 | K–his B sq " | 14..P × R, mate. | [Q. E. D.] |

(a) White's moves are all checks.

OF PROBLEM NO. 100.

☞ You are right, gentlemen, some dozens of you: this problem is solvable by *three* about as common-place checks as can be got together. 1..with Kt, 2..with Q, 3..Q mates.

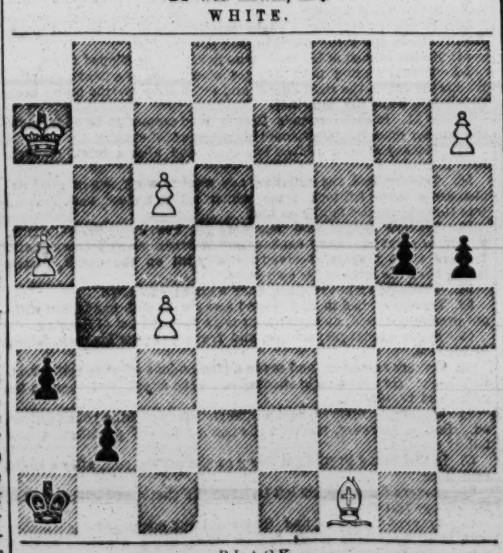
OF PROBLEM NO. 101.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1..Kt to K 5 | P moves | 3..Kt to Q 3 | P × R |
| 2..R–K B 3 | P moves | 4..Kt mates. | |

GEMS FROM THE GIANTS.—NO. 10.

BY WM. LEWIS, ESQ.

WHITE.

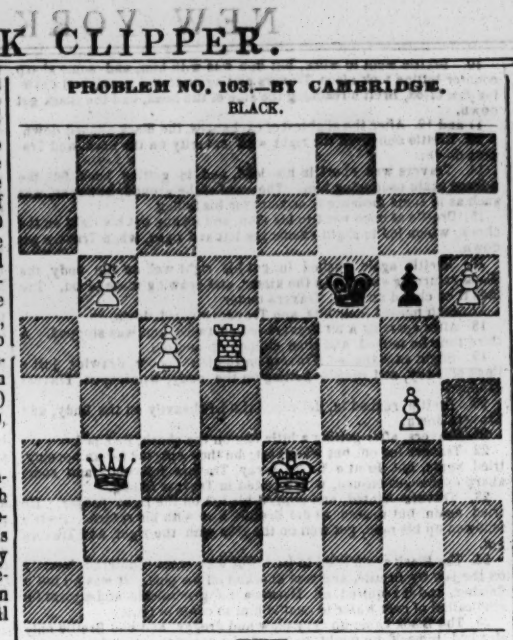


BLACK.

Black, having the move, to draw the *partie*.

PROBLEM NO. 103.—BY CAMBRIDGE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

## GAME NO. 103.

Recently contested in the Boston Chess Club; one of its strongest players (Attack) giving the Q Kt to our contributor "Cambridge."

KING'S GAMBIT EVADED.

| Attack, Mr. ——. | Defence, Cambridge. | Attack, Mr. ——. | Defence, Cambridge. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1..P to K 4 | P to K 4 | 13..Q R to Q sq | Q to her Kt 8 (d) |
| 2..P–K B 4 | K B–Q B 4 (a) | 14..Q B–home (c) | Q Kt–K Kt 3 |
| 3..K Kt–B 3 | P–Q 3 | 15..K B–Q 3 | Q B–Q 2 |
| 4..P–K R 3 (b) | Q Kt–B 3 | 16..P–Q B 4 | Castles Q R |
| 5..P–Q B 3 | P–K B 4 | 17..Q–her B 2 | K R–K sq |
| 6..P–Q 3 | K Kt–B 3 | 18..P–K Kt 3 | K Kt–R 4 |
| 7..P–Q Kt 4 | B P × P | 19..Q–K Kt 2 | Q–her R 4 + |
| 8..Q P × P | K B–Q Kt 3 | 20..Q B–Q 2 | K B–Q Kt 5 |
| 9..P–Q Kt 5 | Q Kt–K 2 | 21..K R–Kt sq | Q Kt–K B 5 (f) |
| 10..P × K P | Q P × P | 22..Kt P × Kt | K Kt × P |
| 11..Q–her R 4 (c) | Q–her 3 | 23..Q–K B sq | Q B × K R P, and the Attack resigns. |
| 12..Q B–R 3 | K B–Q B 4 | | |

(a) We shall "read you a lecture," or write one for you to read, if you don't stop dodging the favorite assaults when you receive a piece from the magnates. Accept their gambits, defend your gambit P, and fight chivalrously to keep it.

(b) We do not know whether this is "Cambridge's" opponent of Game No. 95, but if it is, dashing onslaughts seem to have quite disgusted him, and he now tries the opposite extreme. P to Q B 3d, at once is the proper move; this, says Jænisch, would assure him the advantage by giving him the centre of the board.

(c) Evidently reckoning that the Defence would commit some error.

(d) Care, boldness, and judgment, in about equal proportion.

(e) The Attack becomes an abject defence from this point out.

(f) "Neat demolisher."—*Walker.*

## TURN OVER.

First *partie* of a match recently contested in the Boston Chess Club between our contributors "Metellus" and "Cambridge."

EVANS GAMBIT.

| Attack, Cambridge. | Defence, Metellus. | Attack, Cambridge. | Defence, Metellus. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1..P to K 4 | P to K 4 | 13..Q R to Q sq | P to K B 4 (d) |
| 2..K Kt–B 3 | Q Kt–B 3 | 14..Q–her B 2 | K Kt–B 3 |
| 3..K B–Q B 4 | K B–Q B 4 | 15..B–Q Kt 5 + | K–Q sq |
| 4..P–Q Kt 4 | Q Kt × P | 16..P–K B 3 | B P × P |
| 5..P–Q B 3 | Q Kt–B 3 | 17..B P × P | K R–B sq |
| 6..P–Q 4 | K P × P | 18..Castles | Q B–Q 2 |
| 7..B P × P | B–Q Kt 5 + (a) | 19..K B × B | K × K B |
| 8..Q B–Q 2 | K B × Q B + | 20..K R–B 5 (e) | Q–her 5 + |
| 9..Q Kt × B | P–Q 3 | 21..K–R sq | Kt–his 5 |
| 10..Q–her Kt 3 | Q–K 2 (b) | 22..Kt–K B sq | K R × R |
| 11..P–Q 5 (c) | Q Kt–K 4 | 23..K P × R | Q × R |
| 12..K Kt × Kt | Q × K Kt | 24..Q × Q | Kt–B 7 +, and wins the *partie*. |

(a) We do not like this move; prefering to retreat B to Q Kt 3d.

(b) To K B 3d, had been stronger. We believe that, as the Attack's Q B is gone, the K Kt might have been played to R 3d.

(c) A move we believe reprehensible on principle, as shutting out and thwarting his own attack built up by the opening in general, and the form of it in particular set up by Q to her Kt 3d.

(d) Actually under cover of his adversary's Q P.

(e) Unfortunately forcing the Defence to beat him; which he proceeds to do in fine style.

## ENIGMA NO. 103.—AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

*From Bell's Life.*

BLACK.—K at Q B 6; P's at K B 5, K Kt 4, and 6th.
WHITE.—K at his B sq; P's at K R 3, K Kt 2, and K B 3d.
Black to play and mate in eight moves.

## MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA.

GAME SECOND.—EVANS GAMBIT

| White—Philadelphia. | Black—Boston. |
|---|---|
| 24..K to R 2 | Q to K 2 |
| 25..Kt to K 4 | P to Q B 5 |
| 26..P to K Kt 5 | K B to Q Kt 3 |

BETWEEN X. Y. Z., SENIOR, AND METELLUS.

| White—X. Y. Z. | Black—Metellus. |
|---|---|
| 21..B takes Kt | Q takes B |
| 22..P to Q R 4 | Q to K B 8 |
| 23..Q takes Q P + | |

BETWEEN X. Y. Z., SENIOR, AND EN PRISE.

| Black—X. Y. Z. | White—En Prise. |
|---|---|
| 19..K to R sq | K to Q 2 |
| 20..P to K B 4 | Kt to Q 6 |
| 21..Q R to Q Kt sq | P to K R 3 |

BETWEEN LOPEZ AND METELLUS.

| Black—Lopez. | White—Metellus. |
|---|---|
| 8..K 2d P takes Kt | Q B takes Q |
| 9..K B P takes Q | Q B to K Kt 5 |
| 10..Q Kt to B 3 | |

BETWEEN H. A. B. AND CRICKETER.

| White—H. A. B. | Black—Cricketer. |
|---|---|
| 5..P to Q B 3 | K B to Q B 4 |
| 6..Castles | P to Q 3 |
| 7..P to Q 4 | K P takes P |

BETWEEN B. W., JR., AND G. H. H.

| Black—B. W., Jr. | White—G. H. H. |
|---|---|
| 2..K Kt to B 3 | Q Kt to B 3 |
| 3..K B to Q B 4 | K B to Q B 4 |
| 4..P to Q B 3 | |

# CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

## ANDERSON'S WORK ON DRAUGHTS.

THIS work, the most reliable Draught book ever published, containing the Standard Laws of the Game, with numerous games, diagrams, &c., &c., is now for sale at the CLIPPER office. Price, $2 per copy. Copies forwarded to all parts of the country on receipt of the price.

☞ OUR Correspondents will be attended to in "good time." Be patient, friends.

## A CARD.

WILLIAMSBURGH, February 6, 1858.

DRAUGHT EDITOR CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* Allow me to introduce to the notice of "Patricius" several points which I think might be laid down as almost axioms, pertaining to the game of draughts:

1. A match game played through the CLIPPER is not an entirely reliable test of the actual merits of the nominal players.

2. A match played, as aforesaid, in the time which it necessarily affords between moves, ought to suffice for the utmost circumspection.

3. A copy of Anderson on Draughts to win as the reward of individual merit as a draught player, ought to incite high and honest endeavors.

I should greatly prefer to meet "Patricius" face to face over the board; but this at present is impossible.

In accepting his proposal announced in the last issue of the CLIPPER, I would stipulate as follows: that the game shall be played through the CLIPPER, and not more than the time necessarily elapsing between each successive issue shall be allowed for either player (in his turn) to move. And farther, that either player offering a compulsory "jump," shall be entitled to make and report such "jump" in addition to his own regular move. It must be obvious that such an arrangement would tend to expedite the game, and afford a chance of its terminating "one of those fine days!" Trusting that my motives will not be misconstrued, I would say to "Patricius" (if he is agreed) "Go on—I'll follow."

Either player failing to comply with these conditions shall be adjudged the loser, provided such failure shall occur entirely through his neglect, which point the Draught Editor of the CLIPPER shall decide.

Yours, ON THE SQUARE.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ON THE SQUARE, Williamsburgh, N. Y.—We crave pardon for omitting your communication. The article was mislaid. We only found it this morning, and had written it up for this week's issue before receiving your note. Will the apology pass?

ALICK, Lynn, Mass.—"Departed friend," the position forwarded by you, and published in last week's CLIPPER, proves to be a stolen article, "dug up" from the unenviable and antiquated treatise by Father Boyle. We regret that you have forfeited our confidence, and would respectfully inform you that you are "read out of the synagogue."

AMERICAN, Buffalo, N. Y.—Le Diable writes as follows: "You can put me on my second move (I believe) 9 to 13." You will please forward the moves as far as heard from, as we are not "posted."

NEMO, Princeton, N. J.—Will attend to that matter. Are waiting till it will come in as an illustration in Patterson's theory of the move. Thanks for game.

CLYDE, New York.—"Macbeth" will encounter you. He writes: "Give me his move in your next, or if he wishes me to move first, I prefer White, and will move 22 to 17."

J. S., Winchester, Mass.—Your letter will not do for us. If you wish to play "Harry," challenge him. Let "Augustus" and "Woburn" "go and do likewise."

ACHILLES, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Many thanks. We agree with you regarding "Original Positions." See our remarks to the pretended concoctor.

STRANGER, Springfield, Mass.—No. 189 O. K. No. 190, see solution this week. Send a diagram.

A. L. HUGGINS, Cumberland, Md.—O. K. Thanks. Will publish one from you soon.

JAMES KERR.—Where do you hail from, James? Will examine your letter as early as possible.

L. F. B., Cleveland, Ohio.—Thanks. Will examine and report next week.

MARTIN, Boston.—Will reply at length next week. Many thanks.

A. B., Newark, N. J.—See article at the head of Draught column.

J. C. W.—See our correction elsewhere. Thanks.

MACBETH, Saratoga Springs.—We will do so.

J. P., Philad'a.—Your Card next week.

PATRICIUS, New York.—Next week.

LE DIABLE, New York.—All right.

## SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 190.

NEW SERIES.

☞ The solution given last week was a very good one, but unfortunately it belongs to another position!! Try the following:

| White. | Black. | White. | Black. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1..15 to 11 | 24 to 15 | 4..27 to 24 | 20 to 27 |
| 2..11 27 | 4 11 | 5..31 | 15, and wins. |
| 3.. 7 16 | 12 19 | | |

Will that do?

## SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 191.

NEW SERIES.

BY G. R. MARDEN.

| Black. | White. | Black. | White. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1..15 to 19 | 24 to 15 | 4..6 to 9 | 5 to 14 |
| 2..22 26 | 29 22 | 5..8 11 | 16 7 |
| 3..26 3 | 32 23 | 6..3 19, and wins. | |

## SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 192.

NEW SERIES.

BY "ALICK."

| White. | Black. | White. | Black. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1..31 to 27 | 32 to 23 | 4..8 to 3 | 5 to 14 |
| 2..30 25 | 29 22 | 5..Jumps and wins. | |
| 3..15 10 | 14 7 | | |

## GAME NO. 99.—NEW SERIES.

Lately played at the Pearl street House, between "Martin" and a Boston Amateur.

CROSS.

| Martin. | Mr. ——. | Martin. | Mr. ——. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1..11 to 15 | 23 to 18 | 11.. 6 to 9 (b) | 17 to 13 (c) |
| 2.. 8 11 | 18 14 | 12..15 18 | 13 6 |
| 3.. 9 18 | 24 19 | 13..18 27 | 32 23 |
| 4..15 24 | 22 8 | 14.. 2 9 | 25 22 |
| 5.. 4 11 | 28 19 | 15..11 15 | 30 26 |
| 6..11 15 | 27 24 | 16.. 8 11 | 22 17 |
| 7.. 5 9 | 25 22 | 17.. 9 13 | 26 22 |
| 8.. 9 14 | 22 17 | 18.. 1 5 | 31 27 |
| 9.. 7 11 | 29 25 | 19.. 5 9 | |
| 10.. 3 8 | 26 23 | B. wins. | |

(a) I believe this move is safe, although I prefer Black's game as being for some time the easier to play.

(b) A trap which might catch a fine player, in off hand play.

(c) This I regard as the losing move.

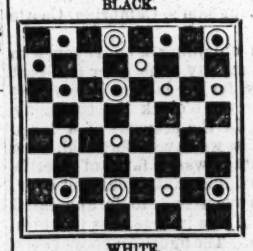
POSITION NO. 193.

NEW SERIES.

By "Achilles."

Dedicated to T. L. Graham, Esq. "Alpha."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and win.

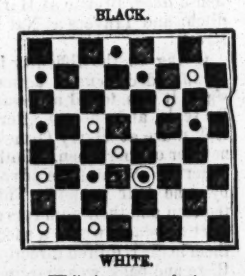
POSITION NO. 194.

NEW SERIES.

By "On the Square."

Dedicated to H. L., of Pittsburgh.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

MATCH GAMES

BETWEEN METELLUS AND A. F.

| Black—Metellus. | White—A. F. |
|---|---|
| 12..11 16 | 18 15 |

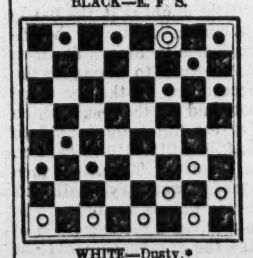
BETWEEN P. W. AND GREENHORN.

| Black—Greenhorn. | White—P. W. |
|---|---|
| 1..11 15 | 22 18 |
| 2..15 22 | 25 18 |
| 3.. 8 11 | |

MATCH GAME.

Between Dusty and E. F. S.

BLACK—E. F. S.

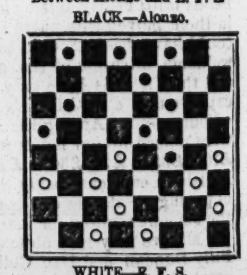


WHITE—Dusty.*

MATCH GAME.

Between Alonzo and E. F. S.

BLACK—Alonzo.



WHITE—E. F. S.

The above position is the result of the following moves:

| White. | | Black. | | White. | | Black. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 13 | 9 | 6 | 22 | 16 | 19 | 23 | 16 |
| 21 | 17 | 14 | 21 | 12 | 19 | | |
| 23 | 14 | 10 | 17 | | | | |
| 19 | 3, and Black to move. | | | | | | |

White to move. Moves since our last.

* Foo Foo's successor.

# AMUSEMENTS.

## CITY SUMMARY.

FEBRUARY is generally a trying month for managers, and the present has not proved an exception, for business has been but scanty, although unusual efforts have been made to keep up the attractions, so as to call in enough of the needful to enable the "player folk" to pass through the ordeal in safety. Equestrian companies have somewhat interfered with the legitimate business, and Dan Rice, it is said, cleared $12,000 during his stay at Niblo's; the Broadway has not done so well, and the attendance has now fallen off frightfully, the same performances, night after night, showing a want of tact in the management which is fully appreciated by the dear public. When this company first took possession of the Broadway, we were promised a succession of novelties in the style of Astley's, of London, but as yet they have only been produced on paper. Come, stir up, gentlemen, or you will lose deal in the spring campaign.

Mr. Charles Matthews closed his engagement at Burton's, on the 20th, with his benefit. It was an "uncouth" night, and the beneficiare was not greeted with a large audience. Brothers Brougham and Walcot hang on for a few nights more, when other attractions must be substituted for that glorious "combination" of stars which have proved such a God-send for Billy and his theatre. Mr. Brougham blows his own trumpet for a benefit on the 25th, when he hopes to prove to a wondering public that *he*, and he alone, is the only "sole self-patented Drummond light of dramatic literature." All right, John, but take care you don't eclipse even yourself whilst showing the obscurity of the * * * * authors, and other lesser luminaries.

It is not generally known, perhaps, that the National Theatre has had a continuous season of about two years, performances being given nightly during that time, except on Sundays; taking all things into consideration, this little establishment has been more successful in that time than all the others; and this, too, be it remembered, *without* advertising in the *Herald*, for Manager Purdy and neighbor "Jeemes" had a little "difficulty" some time ago, arising out of a matter of "debit" and "credit," in which the former had rather the best of it, and came the double over "Jeemes" to the matter of quite a number of almighty dollars. Now, nothing touches our neighbor on the raw so acutely as to "stop his beans," and for the failure of manager

Purdy to step up to the captain's office and settle, Jeemes has never forgiven him. He's dreadful particular, is Jeemes, about such matters, and did he not allow this to prey upon him to such an extent, he would be a much younger man at the present day. Now, Manager Purdy "put us in" for a small "do," just about the same time he experimented on Jeemes, but lor, we did'nt mind it, and who knows but that some day he may square up the old score without our even hinting the thing to him, for the National is making money now-a-days, and brother Purdy knows the value of the old maxim "give the Devil" his due.

Did you ever hear of such doings in the divorce and matrimonial line as have been going on here of late? Only to think of it—first the divorce of Mr. and Mad. Ponisi, Mr. and Mrs. A. H Davenport, Mr. and Mrs. George Jordan, and how many more we are unable to say. Only a few days thereafter, and Mad. Ponisi became Mrs. Wallis, Mrs. Lizzie Weston Davenport linked her fortunes with those of Charles Matthews, and George Jordan took unto himself the amiable Miss Emily Thorne. How Mr. Jordan or Miss Lizzie managed to get around the hooks and crooks which "predominate" in divorce cases, it is none of our readers' business, although it is but natural that we should *all* feel a little curiosity in the matter, the parties being public property. Some of the above parties were "clove together" in New Jersey, it being inconvenient to have the connubial knot tied in such a place as New York, where everybody is prying into his neigbor's business. Oh! but the actor people are a mystery, and do confuse us m ghtily.

Was'nt the latter part of last week a bitter pill for theatricals? Wallack's, where they have just produced a play about the revolt in India, made money by shutting up shop on Saturday night, and other places might have done equally well had they followed suit, but they did'nt, and most of them played to rather lonesome audiences. Speaking of Wallack's, the phantom Bourcicault, who has a slight interest in that establishment, is playing an engagement there, with Miss Agnes Robinson, in whom he has also an interest. Dion, in the new drama, does the part of the "bloody tyrant," Nana Sahib, while Agnes personates the gentle Jessie Brown. Both performers are said to be peculiarly adapted for the respective parts assigned them in this new drama, the "Relief of Lucknow," which, it is hoped, will prove a relief indeed. We might add, in the language of the manager, that "this theatre will continue to derive the advantages of the intellectual support and great artistic experience of Mr. Dion Bourcicault, the only author now living of the English drama whose works have withstood that truest and greatest of all critics—Time." Let us all pray for the speedy conversion from the error of his ways, of brother Stuart.

We desire to call especial attention to the fact that on Saturday evening of this week, Feb. 27, Dan Bryant will take his first annual benefit, at Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway above Grand street. An unusually interesting programme has been prepared for the occasion, and if our friends wish to enjoy a rare night of sport, let them be very early in attendance, for the hall is always filled at an early hour, and on this occasion we look for a perfect jam. "Dreams of Shovelry" continues an attractive feature with the Bryants. There were a good many dreams of shovelry elsewhere than at Bryants', however, on Friday and Saturday last, during the great snow storm. Like the piece at Bryants, the reality outside filled the pockets of the actors in the "carnival of shovelry."

Lola Montez gives her interesting lectures this week again. She has placed Jobson's name on her free list, and lectures him gratis. Oh! but *didn't* she give him a rich treat on the 19th? Well, there! Seeley, Whiting, Schermerhorn, (or Scraghorn, as Lola call him) and the whole fraternity were unable to do anything with the amiable lecturer, and she gave Jobson such a "cross buttock" that he was almost unable to come to time, and the referee refused to act again, fearful of fatal consequences should the battle continue. Let "Betsy Watson" alone, Jobson. She possesses a knowledge of the "science of manual defence" which places you completely at her mercy. It will be well, also, for Scraghorn to get out of the muss as soon as possible.

The Italian opera troupe, Formes, Tiberini, Lagrange, etc., have returned, but thus far have not met with much success. It is said that Mr. Fry's opera of "Leonora" is to be revived. The *Herald* speaks favorably of the revival, from which we infer that *that* libel suit "kinder" troubles the "gude mon" of the *Herald*, and he is disposed to smoke the pipe of piece with the "indomitable Fry." Let us watch both sides, and see how the cat jumps next.

A beautiful painting of the "Holy Family," by Murillo, is now on exhibition at Goupil & Co.'s Fine Art Gallery, No. 366 Broadway.

Mr. Robert Johnston has rejoined the forces at the Bowery, and now, in conjunction with Mr. Eddy, Mr. Fenno, etc., is devoting his best energies for the amusement of the patrons of the Bowery, and the replenishing of his own exchequer. Robert is a favorite with the Bowery boys, and should not have left the "old homestead" when he did.

The legitimate circus in the Bowery having "slipped up," a company of minstrels, (Seaton's) have taken the establishment for a short or long period, according to circumstances. We should be pleased to record the success of the minstrels, but the place is not adapted for performances of that kind, and we do not think the experiment will answer.

Polly Marshall has been engaged by Miss Laura Keene, and will appear soon. The thrilling drama of the "Courier of Lyons" has been drawing middling.

A company of real, living "model artists," who had been exhibiting at 463 Broome street, were unceremoniously pounced upon on the 18th, while going through their interesting performances. The lascivious "Eve," with the inevitable apple; the bewitching "Psyche," the fair proportioned "Venus," and the fascinating "Three Graces," were there on show, as they first came into the world, "pure and undefiled," without raiment to cover their nakedness; there, too, witnesses of Eve's shame, and Psyche's glory, were old reprobates and young profligates, all deeply interested in this exciting development in natural history; but "the strong arm of the law" had not been sufficiently guarded against, and lo, and behold, the posse gained admittance to the "sanctuary," and, although having a taste for the fine arts themselves, yet the stern demands of duty compelled them to make captive the whole "show," the "unadorned beauties," and their enchanted admirers. What trials and tribulations followed, we shall not attempt to lay bare, but the girls were finally let off in $500 bail each, conditioned "not to do so again." The "audience," "owing to their respectability," were "let up" easily.

Mellville, the Australian rider, did not engage with Rice, as had been expected. He is still in this city with his wife, (said to be a fair *equestrienne*,) waiting for something to turn up. He has had several offers, but prefers to "bide his time" before engaging permanently.

The annual election for officers of the Musical Fund Society took place on the 17th inst. The following were duly elected: President, U. C. Hill; First Vice-President, L. Ernst; Second Vice President, J. P. Cooke; Trustees, C. Breusing, A. Reiffsen, J. Burke; Directors, D. L. Downing, S. Lasar, B. J. Deane, George Stenz, Charles Wels; Treasurer, Charles Pazzaglia; Register, H. Fissington; Librarian, Thomas Goodwin; Secretary, L. Spier; Honorary Physicians, Dr. J. M. Quinn, Dr. A. Gescheidt.

## AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

THE G. L. FOX DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION will give an entertainment at the Peoples Theatre, 515 Fourth street, on Thursday evening, Feb. 25th. "The Idiot Witness," "Limerick Boy," and the "Seven Clerks" are announced as the programme of the evening.

Those of our readers who generally attend private theatricals will be rejoiced to learn that most of the clubs have adopted a plan to prevent the attendance of evil disposed persons at their entertainments. The scheme we are not at liberty to divulge, but our friends are assured that hereafter the Lecture Room can be attended with the choicest company without fear of molestation or annoyance.

AMATEUR CRITIC.

## GENERAL SUMMARY.

There are two very fine "star" companies now performing in Philadelphia, the one at Mrs. D. P. Bowers' Walnut Street, and the other at Wheatley's Arch Street. The competition between them is quite spirited, and promises to become more so. Another valuable acquisition has been secured by the latter, in the person of the American tragedienne, Mrs. Farren, who made her first appearance there on the 20th inst. We understand that she is engaged for the season. Mr. and Mrs. Conway, and Mrs. John Drew, Mr. and Mrs. Richings, Mr. Chapman, etc., are in the great "combination" at the Walnut, to say nothing of the fair manageress, who alone is a tower of strength. At the other house, E. L. Davenport, the American tragedian, leads the "combined" opposition, and now that Mrs. Farren has joined the ranks, we may look for deeds of dreadful note. Let us calmly await the issue, and "keep our eyes skint."

The musician Spohr has sustained a fracture of the arm, which, it is feared, will have the disagreeable effect of compelling him to "hang up his fiddle and the bow." We hope he has laid up "dingbats" enough to keep him, now that there is "no more work for poor old" Spohr.

Here's another lamentable affair. It is said that Sims Reeves, the English tenor, is so unwell as to be obliged to relinquish all his engagements. Perhaps "Sim" has been "going it too strong while he's young."

Pearce, (Pompey) of the Christy Minstrels now performing in London, has made a great hit in his rendering of the banjo song of "Hoop-de-dooden-doo." It is called for at every entertainment given by the troupe, and has become so popular that it is played by the brass bands, and whistled by almost every urchin in London.

Ira Aldridge, the "African Roscius," was in Prussia at last accounts, and was to take part in a festival in honor of the recent royal marriage.

Mr. Albert G. Moore will open Lancaster Hall, Portland, Me., which is shortly to be fitted up for dramatic performances, early this spring. L. P. Roys will manage the stage, and the company will comprise Messrs. Roys, Thos. H. Knight, (juveniles) J. H. Brown, A. G. Moore, H. B. Howland, (comedian) Lampee, Noyes, Sterns, &c., &c. Mrs. W. L. Ayling, (soubrettes) Blanche Leslie, Mrs. McGregor, &c. W. H. Preston, Artist. Thus progresses the good work. Who will say that the drama is not becoming more popular every day?

Of business at the Richmond, Va., Theatre, a correspondent writes as follows:

"RICHMOND, Feb. 14, 1858.

Mrs. Phillips, our leading lady, had a fine benefit on last Monday night; on Thursday, Mr. Adams took his—both had excellent houses. Miss Mary Devlin, the Richmond favorite, opens to-morrow (Monday) in the drama of 'Aline;' she is an immense favorite here, as is our entire company, from the leading to the smallest man in the establishment. Our *danseuse*, Miss Jennie Hight, is a juvenile wonder; her dancing is exquisite; she is lady-like and unassuming in her manner, and has won, and justly, too, a host of friends. 'Fraud and its Victims' is to be produced; after which Edwin Booth plays two weeks. Immediately after him, 'Aladdin' will be brought out; it has been in active preparation for the past two months; Mr. Moxley presiding over the wardrobe, assisted by Miss J. Taylor; Mr. Phillips, the stage arrangements; the 'old Sexton' seeing all done right."

A correspondent writing from Fort Simcoe, W. T., under date of Jan. 1st, states that "the Chapman Family" have been performing there with great success, having cleared in hard cash the round sum of sixteen hundred dollars, being the receipts of eight representations; a tremendous "pile," when we consider the number of inhabitants, which consists of 250 of "Uncle Sam's Indian exterminators," and 18 or 20 citizens. No panic in them "diggins."

"Have we any pianists among us?" The following challenge has been sent us for publication: "I, Horace Augustus Nathans, hereby challenge all the sporting men of the United States to play me a match on the piano, the best to have expenses paid. Applicants must not be over 21, nor under 10 years; breadth from the little finger to thumb not exceeding over 18 inches; playing weight not over 125 lbs. The match to be on one of Chickering's grand piano's, subject to these restrictions. Pitch in."

Mr. Edwin Forrest returned to his home in Philadelphia, on the 16th, improved in health. We have not heard whether he intends to appear in New York soon, although it was rumored some time since that he was engaged at Burton's.

Sothern, at his Lyceum, in Halifax, is not doing quite as well at present as he did last year. Mrs. Sothern had a benefit there on the 11th.

The charming vocalist, Miss Ada Phillips, is said to have netted $2000 by her benefit in Havana. This speaks volumes in favor of the taste of the "Habaneros."

Levi North has brought out, in princely style, at his amphitheatre, Chicago, the spectacle of "The Fall of Delhi," in which the performing elephants belonging to Mr. Sands are introduced. A correspondent informs us that the piece is drawing immensely. G. J. Arnold is the "Nena Sahib," and Mr. De Groot, the "Gen. Havelock" of the drama.

It was stated some months ago that Thalberg, the pianist, was so pleased with the music of the banjo, that he intended to make the better acquaintance of that "institution." We now learn that he has learned the instrument, and plays on it with great "fluency." He has a fine banjo, and brings out a clear tone, with the original Virginia touch.

Miss Durand, of the opera troupe, was taken ill at Savannah, Ga., recently; and, like the bank, suspended the issue of "small notes" for the time being.

The late Mademoiselle Rachel appears to have been a great believer in the virtue of talismans, and a quantity of these deceptive articles have been found amongst her jewels. Several have been left by will to old friends; and one, in particular—which is of emerald, graven with a Hebrew word—the great artist fully believed had power to turn aside the influence of evil spirits, and which she always wore on first representations, she has left to her sister Sarah.

Mr. Loraine was at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, last week.

Birch's Minstrels, in St. Louis, have just brought out the laughable farce of "Schermerhorn's Boy." We have not heard that he is in any way connected with the Schermerhorn whom Lola Montez pitched into the other day.

We have heard it rumored in sporting circles that Miss Emily P. Lesdernier, then in Sacramento, was about to read "Nothing to Wear." Now, there could be no harm in the mere reading of this poem, but it is also added that she was to read it in "appropriate costume!" "Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer cloud?"

It is now said that John E Owens is engaged for Barrow's company, shortly to begin operations in Boston. What a numerous "galaxy of talent" Mr. B. is gathering around him. We hope the Barrow wont find itself overloaded when about to start.

Miss Rose Madigan, and Frank Pastor, had become great favorites in Birmingham, Eng., where they were performing at the "United States Circus."

Now that it is authoritatively announced that McKean Buchanan *is* a relative of the President, and looked upon with favor by that high official, we have no doubt his dramatic aspirations will be crowned with success, and that he will find many a critic to do him justice now, who would have crushed him before.

"Miss Wyette, the great American tragedienne," to whom we have before alluded, had appeared in the provinces, and, as soon as an opening offered, would show the Londoners what "native talent" is.

Charlotte Cushman was at last accounts in New Orleans; Mad. Anna Bishop in Chili; the Florences in Nashville; Miss Davenport at Mobile; Edwin Booth at Richmond; Campbell's Minstrels at Milwaukee; Charles Matthews at the Holiday Street, Baltimore; Miss Matilda Heron at Stuart's, Washington, D. C.; Plunkett's company were doing fairly at Syracuse.

Signor Jacopi, (English, "original Jacobs,") who did'nt create a *furore* when he appeared in New York, is said to have succeeded wonderfully in Havana.

Of the progress of events in Albany, a correspondent in that city writes us as follows:—"Albany, Feb. 19th, 1858. Being a constant reader of the "CLIPPER," I peruse therein with much interest the items of amusements in almost every city in the Union, but it is very seldom I see anything about Albany. Our city just at present is full of amusements—balls, concerts, negro minstrelsy, a theatre, &c. Speaking of minstrelsy, Albany goes ahead of New York in comparison to its population. We have had no less than three Ethiopian troupes all at one time. Leavitt's Opera House, 22 Beaver street, was the first place started on the cheap scale of admission, 25 cents to private boxes, and 10 cents to the main body of the room. This was found to pay so well, that some of the "Nigs" left and started an opposition place in State street, but eventually had to close. Then the theatre made a deadly blow at the opera house by engaging Bill Smith's band of minstrels from New York. They have been performing some two weeks to very indifferent audiences, and I hear this is their last week. Leavitt's opera house company is by far the best; they have, besides the minstrels, Miss Celia Morley, a very accomplished vocalist, and a *dansuese*; they also play vaudevilles. Mr. Jerry Merrifield is the stage manager, comedian, and comic vocalist; Jerry is a first rate comedian, and, as a comic vocalist, he is by far, in my opinion, the best in America; his songs, though comic, are free from low buffoonery, or vulgarity, and his look of character in the *comique* is alone certain death to the risible faculties of the old and young. Leavitt's benefit came off last night; the house was crowded to overflowing; persons who had tickets and could not gain admittance were informed that their tickets would hold "good" for some future night. Mr. Tom McNally, the young American violinist, who is well known in the city of New York among the Ethiopian profession, takes a benefit on Monday next at Association Hall."

"Performing on the boards" *does* pay sometimes; as an instance, we see it stated that Julia Dean Hayne realized as the net proceeds of thirteen months acting in California, the snug sum of $20,000.

We recommend the following "unrehearsed scene" of "canine sagacity" to those bipeds at Albany who have been endeavoring to wage a war of extermination against the canine race in this State: A drama was lately being performed at the Woolwich Theatre in England, in which a "terrific struggle" for the possession of a child takes place between the fond mother and two "hired ruffians," when a large Newfoundland dog, which had gained admittance, with its owner, into the pit, leaped over the heads of the musicians in the orchestra, and flew to the rescue, seizing one of the ruffians, and almost dragging him to the ground. He was with difficulty removed and dragged off the stage. The dog, which is the property of the chief engineer of her Majesty's ship Buffalo, has been accustomed to the society of children for whom he has on many occasions evinced proofs of affection. His excitement under the moving incidents of the scene may be therefore pardoned.

There has not been much "active fighting" in the ranks of late, although we have been on the look out for anything that may have transpired. They have had a "trifling" affair in Pittsburgh. It seems that Mr. Williams, of the old theatre, was recently assaulted by Mr. Page of the Gayeties. Williams says that Page "struck" him, on Fifth street, and "knocked him against the wall of the Presbyterian church;" without, however, injuring the church. For this sockdologer, the unread Page was turned over, in $200, to answer at court.

Mrs. McMahon, who sent the Richmond editor a three cent piece, has been acting at Mr. Vicker's theatre, Chicago. The *Journal*, of that city, says the "Juliet" of Mrs. McM. was "barely passable." Perhaps it intended to say "barely possible." The editor chaps are rather shy of the lady, and "touch lightly" upon the subject of her "renderings."

Mr. Joseph Proctor closed his engagement at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, on the 20th. They have brought out the Indian drama of "Outahlanchet;" the real Indian, "Outahlanchet," by Mr. Proctor.

J. E. McDonough is at the National, Cincinnati, where they are producing a series of American dramas, "Putnam," "Mad Anthony Wayne," etc. Mr. and Mrs. F. Drew are in the company.

Spaulding and Rogers' New Orleans Circus Co., were to close in Mobile on the 20th; the week was devoted to benefits, Monday being for the benefit of Little Kate Ormand, and Master Frank Barry; 16th, Messrs. Lenton and Siegrist; 17th, Messrs. Tnayer and Libby; 18th, Messrs. Walters and Villaneuva; 19th, Messrs. Richardson and Castello; 20th, Messrs. McFarland and Nathanials.

The Ravels are still "on" at the Boston Theatre. They are doing wonders in a double sense, viz: performing feats of agility, etc., and drawing crowded houses at the same time.

Miss Maggie Mitchell is ill, in Louisville. We trust the lady's illness may not be of a serious nature.

The "Old Folks" were concertising in Troy, and elsewhere in this State last week.

The National Theatre, Boston, has succumbed to the pressure of the times, and closed its doors. The Boston Theatre, and the Museum are the only two now open in that city. Charles Thorne has leased the National, and will re-open it in a few days.

The music-loving citizens of Baltimore are moving for the erection of a splendid opera house.

Mlle. Zanfretta, the tight-rope dancer of the Ravel troupe, fell from the rope while performing at the Boston Theatre on Friday night. Her foot caught on the rope, and she fell headlong upon the stage. Medical aid was called, and the performance ended. Mademoiselle broke no bones, but was badly contused, and cannot perform for some time.

Morris Brothers, Pell & Huntley's Minstrels, in Boston, are doing an immense business. Dick Sliter, the great jig dancer, is with this troupe, and more than fulfils what had been expected of him.

Donniker has joined Ordway's Minstrels.

REALLY EXCELLENT.—In our estimation, one of the most valuable articles of the day is the celebrated Italian Medicated Soap, as prepared by that excellent manufacturer, Dr. Gouraud. We have used, and still continue to use, this soap; for the benefits we have derived from it, both in summer and winter, are invaluable. In summer, it is highly beneficial in removing tan, &c., while in winter it prevents and cures chapped hands. In fact, throughout the whole year it is of the greatest service, preventing and removing pimples, freckles, blotches, and all other disfigurements to which the skin is liable. The Poudres Subtile uproots all superfluous hair. The Doctor also prepares a fine Hair Dye, which changes red, light, or grey hair, to a beautiful brown or jet black. These cosmetics may be had at the Doctor's, No. 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway; also of T. R. Callendar, No. 83 South Third street, Philadelphia; and of J. B. Bates, No. 129 Washington street, Boston.

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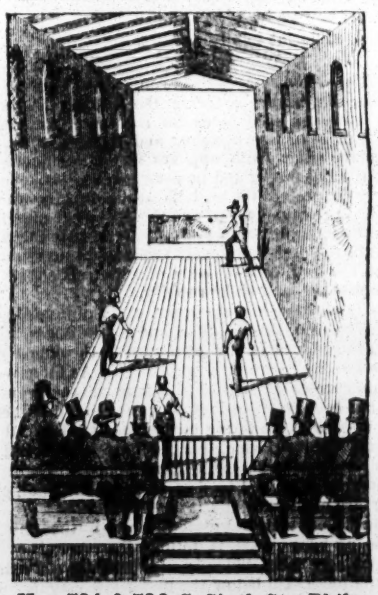
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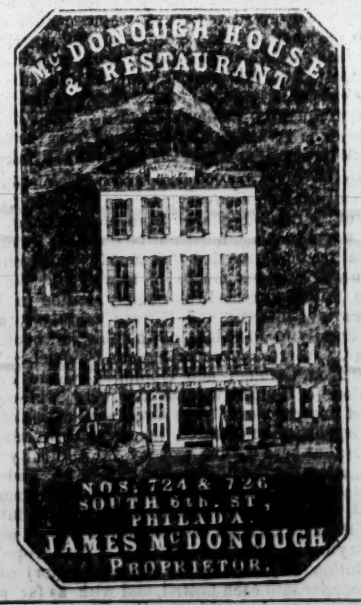


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A BOND OFFERS FOR SALE HIS CELEBRATED HORSE DALTON, for $2000. He will warrant "Dalton" to pace half a mile in *one minute and ten seconds!* He is sound and kind, a powerful fleet roadster, and perfectly safe for either man, woman, or child to drive. As an instance of his docility, a little circumstance took place recently which we give—the wife of the owner, and another lady, were taking a ride behind Dalton, and, when a few miles from the city, Dalton going at the rate of 2:30, one of the traces became unfastened, letting down the shafts, which began to dangle about the legs of the animal. Dalton, as if by instinct, seemed to feel that all was not right, and at once held up, and waited until the harness had been properly arranged again, when he started off again at a 2:40 gait. This fact goes to prove Dalton one of the best family horses in existence. His owner has already been offered $1200 for him, but of course he refused the offer, his price being $2000, as stated above. Any person wishing a fast family horse, that is perfectly safe for any one to drive, will do well to take a look at Dalton, and try his speed, etc., in a drive with A. Bond, the owner, before purchasing.—Dover, N. H. 44-2 mos.

A GREAT PIGEON SHOOTING TOURNAMENT,
TO COME OFF AT NEW YORK ON MONDAY AND TUESDAY, the 1st and 2d March next. Open to the whole of the United States.
FIRST.—MARCH 1st.
A sweepstakes of 30 members at $10 each. To be divided in the following proportion:
The winner to receive Two Hundred Dollars.
The second " Sixty Dollars.
The third " Forty Dollars.
SECOND.—MARCH 1st.
A sweepstakes of 30 members at $5 each. To be divided in the following proportion:
The winner to receive One Hundred Dollars.
The second " Thirty Dollars.
The third " Twenty Dollars.
THIRD.—MARCH 2d.
A sweepstakes of 30 members at $3 each.
The winner to receive Fifty Dollars.
The second " Twenty-five Dollars.
The third " Fifteen Dollars.
CONDITIONS.—1st. Each member to shoot in accordance with the Rules of Pigeon Shooting,* at 12 birds each, ground trap, 1¼ ounce shot, 21 yards rise and 80 yards boundary. The winner of the first or principal sweepstake to be excluded from shooting in either of the other two sweepstakes.
2d. Should any or all of the above sweepstakes not fill, the money in each of them to be divided in the above proportion; and in case a greater number of members enter than thirty, the same proportion of division to be observed.
3d. A deduction of 2½ per cent. from the above stakes to be made to defray the incidental expenses.
4th. All nominations to be made to the Editor of the CLIPPER, the entry to close on Monday, the 22d February.
5th. No person to be allowed to have more than two nominations to any sweepstakes.
* Published in CLIPPER, Feb. 6.

"THE PACIFIC,"
NO. 489 WASHINGTON STREET,
OPPOSITE SPRING STREET MARKET,
Convenient to the Collins' Dock, and the Liverpool Screw Steamer Line, Pier 44.
Parties seeing their friends away by any of the above steamers, will do well to call on JIM FARRISH, the Proprietor of the above House. He is always on hand to welcome his friends and the public.
Wines, Liquors, Cigars, &c., all of the first quality. Free Lunch from 10 to 12 A. M.; Saturday evenings from 7 to 12 P. M. Board and Lodging by the day or week. 44-4t

75 CENTS.
TO THOSE THAT PLAY FOR MONEY. 75 CENTS WILL BUY one pack of "Advantage or Marked Bank Playing Cards." Three packs for $2, six packs, $3.50; one dozen for $6. Sent to any address by H. E. STORY, Boston, Mass. 43-3t.

"THE SOCIABLE."
JOHN MARRIOTT RESPECTFULLY INFORMS HIS FRIENDS AND the public generally, that he has just taken the Saloon, No. 31 ROSEVELT STREET, where he will be happy to see them at all times. Dogs trained in the most skilful and experienced manner, on reasonable terms. 43-4t

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SARGENT, IRISH, MEXICAN, SEFTON, COUNTERFEIT, NATIVE, Spanish, Sumatra, Earl Derbys; also, five pairs silver laced Sebright Bantams, three pairs Pheasant Bantams, six pairs White Silkey Fowls of Japan, six pairs Pouter Pigeons, three pairs White Guinea Fowls, three pairs White Turdeys. Eggs of all of the above fowls for sale. Address JONATHAN DORWART,
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DR. DARBY CAN CAN BE CONSULTED, CONFIDENTIALLY, ON all complaints arising from indiscretion, either personally or by letter, at No. 8 Clark street, Boston. The celebrated Lesage Specific, a certain remedy for Gleet, Seminal Weakness, &c., $1 per bottle, two for $1.75. French Preventives against Infectious Diseases or Pregnancy (made of India-rubber,) are sent anywhere per post. Price, two for $1, or $4 per dozen. 42-3mos*

MARKED CARDS,
STRIPPERS, BRIEFS, AND CARDS THAT YOU CAN CUT HIGH or low just as you please for 75 cents per single pack; $6 per dozen; and $50 per gross. Marked Strippers, $1.25 per single pack; $9 per dozen; $75 per gross. Orders promptly attended to by
43-3t H. E. STORY, Boston, Mass.

FREE AND EASY UP TOWN.
WILLIAM BUTLER, CHELSEA MANOR ROOMS, CORNER OF 25th Street and Ninth Avenue, wishes to inform his friends and the public generally that his Free and Easies are now in full blast every Saturday evening. On Saturday next the chair will be taken by a celebrated Amateur, one of the old school, assisted by some of the best talent up town.
The best brands of Liquors, Cigars, &c., on hand. 41-4t

SUFFERERS FROM SEMINAL WEAKNESS,
OR INVOLUNTARY EMISSIONS, DON'T FOOL AWAY MONEY upon "Rings," "Curative (?) Instruments," "Invigorating (?) Cordials," "Regenerators," Buchu, Quack Books, or pseudo-"Doctors," hoping to regain lost health, for they *always injure*, but NEVER CURE any one; and now "show I unto you a more excellent way." Enclose a stamp, and address, *in perfect confidence*, your friend and former fellow-sufferer, WM. J. S. C. ADAMS,
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CANDLE-WICK and CAP-WASTE.
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CORNER OF BRIDGE AND JOHN STREETS, BROOKLYN.—HARRY GRIBBIN begs most respectfully to inform his numerous friends in Brooklyn and New York, that he has taken and entered upon the above Hotel, where he will always have on hand a choice and excellent assortment of the best Wines, Spirits, and Malt Liquors, together with the finest brands of Cigars. His house is immediately contiguous to the Roosevelt Ferry, and he will at all times be glad to see his old friends and supporters at the above place.
The CLIPPER and *Bell's Life* kept on file. 3 mos.-34

GAME FOR SALE.
THE SUBSCRIBER HAS ON HAND, AND OFFERS FOR SALE A great variety of GAME FOWLS, comprising English, Irish, Sefton, Natives, Sumatras, Wild Indian, Indian, Mountain, and a fine lot of Stags bred from my imported fowls that were imported from Thomas Roscoe, Gamekeeper for the second and late Earl of Derby, in steamship North America. Also one pair of the old ones.
32-1mo. L. B. LEGG, Dover, N. H.

MICHAEL PHELAN'S MODEL BILLIARD TABLES
AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS, PATENTED FEBRUARY 19, 1856. These Tables combine the nicest mathematical accuracy of workmanship with elegance of design, and possess all the qualities that are esteemed by the scientific player. They have many advantages not in any other Tables manufactured, the Cushions having a nicely-adjusted bevel, and are very low, but so constructed as to prevent all hopping or jumping of the ball. They are now used in preference to all others at the principal Hotels and Public Billiard Rooms in New York, and by amateur players throughout the country.
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TO THOSE WHO WANT BOOKS THAT ARE REALITY WORTH reading, we would call their attention to the following list of new and original works. The most of these books are translated from the French of the most celebrated authors, and all of them are illustrated with beautiful COLORED ENGRAVINGS, which have only to be seen to be appreciated.
On receipt of the money these books will be sent FREE OF POSTAGE, to any part of the United States.
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HENRY R. G. BARKLEY, New York.
We are responsible for all registered letters containing money. 13-1m

## ENGLISH SPORTSMEN.

EDITOR CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* I have just been reading a book entitled "The Footpath and Highway," or "Wanderings of an American through Great Britain in 1851 and 1852"—a very readable book, embodying the observations of a shrewd and wide-awake Yankee. I select the following paragraphs from one of his chapters, giving his ideas of English sportsmen:

"When an American reads in an English newspaper that Mr. Smith or the Right Honorable Mr. Brown shot one hundred and thirty brace of partridges in a specified day, and so many hares, rabbits, and pheasants to boot, he forms a very good opinion of the gunnery of the gentlemen named, and very naturally, too; but as there is a marked difference between hunting in England and the same sport in the United States, some account of the English system may not be uninteresting to a portion of my readers, and may serve to correct certain erroneous impressions that said readers may entertain respecting English shooting.

"It may not be generally known that the animals and birds which are preserved by law in England are comparitively *tame*, from the fact that no persons but those of a privileged class are allowed to hunt them, and that only at a particular season; consequently, they become accustomed to man during the remainder of the year, and seldom take flight when he appears; and, therefore, when the sportsman or hunter makes his advent at the fall of the leaf, he finds but little difficulty in dealing death to the feathered tribe.

"He comes prepared with pointers, and setters, whippers in, and game keepers, who drive the devoted birds and animals from their covert, and then the work of destruction commences. The hares can hardly be kicked into a walk, and generally sit on their haunches with their eye agape, wondering what is going on; while the eager and delighted sportsmen raise their guns, and, at the distance of ten or twelve feet, fire at the astonished and affrighted victims, who appear thunderstruck, and sit wondering what all the noise and excitement is about, little dreaming that they are the cause.

"The partridges and pheasants, are better able to get out of the way than the hares or the rabbits, for they generally take to the wing; but as they scarcely ever rise until the Nimrods are near enough to knock them over with the butt end of the gun, there is little credit due sportsmen for markemanship. Some of the young gentlemen I met were smoking cigars at the same time that they were waiting for the game to appear; and one individual did "murder most foul, strange, and unnatural" upon a poor hare that happened to be roused up before him. The animal moved slowly out of the grass, made one or two springs to the distance of about fifteen or twenty feet, when, as it turned to look back, the sportsman sent the contents of his gun into it, and was congratulated by his companions upon the '*excellent shot!*'"

MR. EDITOR, I think I know of a few "obscure sportsmen," who don't make "much account" of their abilities, who could *rather* beat that style of gunning--don't you?

Boston, Feb. 13, 1858. T. W. T.

## MATTERS AND THINGS IN FRANKFORT.

K. M. INSTITUTE, Frankfort, Ky., February 6.—EDITOR CLIPPER—*Dear Sir*: The season here (as it is termed, owing to the session of the Legislature,) is just at its close, and a gay one it has been. Fancy balls, hops, concerts, soirees, Governor's levees, &c., have kept every body on the *qui vive*. The theatre is under the management of Mr. J. D. Wood; the beautiful Mrs. Meeker is the principal attraction among the stock company, and Mrs. Harry Chapman is also very popular; the leading, among the male kind, are Messrs. Harry Chapman, Heartwell, and Stetson; and by way of giving the dramatis personæ a bit of a lift, I have figured a little on the boards on the occasion of a benefit. Mrs. Drake is now *the star*. The business is getting slack, as the visitors are almost all gone, but the streets here during fine weather have been presenting as gay an assemblage of "hoops" as ever I saw in New York or elsewhere, and every thing in the way of dress as much in the extreme as in the large northern cities. Fashion's sway has extended itself even here, and the sidewalks are as much the property of the dames and demoiselles as even Broadway itself. I have seen here some of the prettiest faces I almost ever met with. Of course the men present rather a motley group; the *business of the State* brings them together, but the pleasure of *seeing and being seen* is the only inducement of the fair sex. At the Governor's levees, none can throw into the shade the Governor himself; he is, indeed, not only a splendid specimen of a Kentuckian, but of an American gentleman, combining the *suaviter in modo*, with the *fortiter in re*; he presents, physically, a noble presence, and his courteous manners diffuse a charm around him. His fortune being large, independent of his official salary, he lives in princely style, and his mansion and concomitants are all in keeping. CHARLES MOREHEAD is, indeed, one of Nature's noblemen.

At the Kentucky Military Institute we progress favorably, and the Superintendent, Col. Morgan, with a judgment and good sense that does him honor, endeavors to create among the cadets a taste for the manly art of self-defence, having, like you and I, friend Queen, a just horror of *cutting and stabbing* and *leaden pills*, and that infernal practice of carrying *concealed weapons*. So far has he been successful, that three-fourths of my pupils are learning manual defence, the sabre and small sword exercises being confined to those few who have an eye to a military career. I have introduced the bayonet-fencing, which should be a portion of every citizen soldier's education, as well as the sword.

And now I conclude, with my best wishes for the enduring prosperity of the good ship the New York CLIPPER, and the pilot who so ably stands at the helm.

Yours very truly, J. H. H.

COCKING IN CALIFORNIA.—Another entertainment came off on the 2d ult., at the Game Pit, No. 164 Commercial street, San Francisco, which called forth a large attendance. The amusements of the evening consisted of about ten fights, several of them of a rare and exciting nature, eliciting the warmest encomiums for the victor, and causing considerable money to change hands when the results were determined. The evening's sport was preluded with a couple of fights between dunghill cocks, which were concluded on the runaway principle. A rattling fight between two grey Spanish cocks ensued, which, in turn, was followed by a match between an American half breed and a red Spanish cock, which was not only very interesting, but one of the features of the night. Hardly five minutes had elapsed, when two splendid Spanish cocks were thrown into the pit and quickly matched. The Walker and Sayers' principle was fully carried out in this, the fight being quick, fierce, and to the point. On the conclusion of this, came the last and most interesting fight of the night, the combatants being the celebrated "grey benny" and the "Counterfeit," so called from his close resemblance to the well known "Birch's" belonging to the proprietor, in which the benny was worsted and made an inglorious exit.

FIGHT BETWEEN AN EAGLE AND DRAKE.—A large bald eagle pounced upon a sturdy Muscovy drake, on Thursday evening, at Mr. John Rowlett's farm, in Prince George county, Virginia, in order to make a meal of him; but the drake, not relishing such an unceremonious call, put his muscular energies into very active exercise, and made so scientific a use of them as to give the eagle a sound drubbing—whereupon, the latter, determined not to "mount upwards" again with an empty stomach, made a vigorous attack upon one of the lady ducks of the yard, which was fortunately rescued. It was, decidedly, one of the most filibustering enterprises that we have heard of for a long time.

LEGISLATION ON SPORTING MATTERS IN THE ASSEMBLY.

(SCENE IN ALBANY.)

*Bill Jinkins.*—"Hay, Jonny, there's the chap wot's down on the sporters—ain't he a rum 'un?"

*Johnny Pensen.*—"Ain't he, though? I ony wish me and you had the money it cost to redden his nose. Couldn't we swing?"

## DISEASES OF POULTRY.

*From the Poultry Book.*

### NUMBER TWO.

DISEASES OF THE LUNGS AND AIR-PASSAGES.

CATARRH.

*Symptoms.*—The symptoms of a cold, or catarrh, in fowls, are identical with those so familiar in the human subject—namely, a watery or sticky discharge from the nostrils, and a slight swelling of the eyelids; in worse cases the face is swollen at the sides, and the disease appears to run on to true roup.

*Causes.*—The cause is exposure to cold and dampness, such as long continuance of cold wet weather, or sleeping in roosting-places open to the north or east.

*Treatment.*—In simple cases, removal to a dry warm situation, and a supply of food rather more nutritious and stimulating than usual, soon effect a cure. We have found a little mashed boiled potato, well dusted with common pepper, very advantageous. In severe cases the disease so closely resembles roup, that it may be treated in the same manner.

BRONCHITIS.

*Symptoms.*—If the cold, to use a popular mode of expression, settles on the lungs, instead of affecting the head, the symptoms are somewhat different; there is rattling in the throat, from the accumulation of mucus, which the fowl coughs up and expectorates at intervals.

*Treatment.*—We have always found removal to a drier habitation sufficient to effect a cure.

ROUP.

*Symptoms.*—The symptoms of roup are at first identical with those of a severe catarrh; the discharge from the nostrils, however, soon loses its transparent character, becoming more or less opaque, and of a very peculiar and offensive odor; froth appears in the inner corner of the eye; the lids swell; and in severe cases the eye-ball is entirely concealed; the nostrils are closed by the discharge drying around them, and the eyelids are agglutinated together; the diseased secretion accumulating within the sides of the face, frequently swell to an extreme degree, and the bird, unable to see or feed itself, suffers from great depression, and sinks rapidly.

Recently we have had the opportunity of investigating numerous cases of this insidious and fatal disease, it having been introduced in our own yard in the course of researches into its nature and treatment. As far as we are aware, no correct account of the true character of this disease has been published; it is, we are convinced, essentially a disease of the lining membrane of the nasal civities. In the first instance, this becomes swollen, and then secretes the discharge before mentioned. These two circumstances combined tend to close up the small external aperture of the nostrils.

As fowls habitually breathe through the nose, the mouth being kept closed, it follows that there is even in the early stages some difficulty of breathing, and a detension of the loose skin below the under-jaw may be often noticed. The frothy matter appearing at the corner of the eye results from the same cause; the air stopped in its passage through the nose passes up the tear duct, and produces the appearance of bubbles.

In very severe cases the cavity of the nose becomes filled with the diseased secretion, which cannot escape, owing to the small size and closure of the nostrils, and then the face swells considerably. With respect to the communication of this disease, our experiments prove that it is exceedingly contagious. It is, we are inclined to think, frequently communicated by fowls drinking out of the same vessel, as the discharge from the nostrils of the sick bird contaminates the water as it drinks.

*Treatment.*—Warm dry lodging, and nutritious food, are the first essentials to recovery; in addition, the frequent removal of the dried discharge from around the eyes and nose, by warm bathing, must not be omitted. In the way of internal medicine, we find that nearly equal numbers recover under various modes of treatment. We have tried the following remedies—namely, Iodine in Tincture, Mercurial Ointment, and Nitrate of Silver, all applied externally to the sides of the face, without much advantage. Internally, we have given Calomel, Sulphur, Citrate of Iron, Calomel and Opium, Cayenne Pepper, and Sulphate of Copper, without any very well-marked or decided improvement. The direct application of some remedial agent to the diseased membrane, promises the best result; but here we are met by the difficulty as to the application, for the nostrils are closed up, and it is nearly impracticable to pass anything through them. A very small tube can, however, be readily pressed into the cavity of the nose through the roof of the mouth; and we are now trying the effect of injecting a few drops of a dilute solution (10 grains to the ounce of water) of sulphate of copper into each nostril, and with, as far as we have yet seen, very favorable results. The injecting tube is readily passed into each nostril, if inserted into the anterior part of the slit seen in the roof of the mouth, and directed outwards at right angles to the slit.

In very severe cases, when there has been much swelling of the face, we have opened the side of the face, and removed the diseased secretion in a solid form.

In general we should say, kill a roupy fowl at once, unless it is valuable, as the risk of its contaminating the whole yard is great. At all events let it be instantly removed from the run.

No dependence whatever can be placed upon a remedy consisting of Horse-radish, Sulpher, Mustard, and the receipt for which has been recently advertised,—doubtless with more benefit to the pocket of the speculator than the health of the patients.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## AN EPISTLE FROM JOHN BOLIVAR.

ROOM 1776 ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL,
New York, Feb. 3d, 1858.

EDITORS GAZETTE:—You must know its hard to find an honest man here, as evidence of which I would state that a friend of mine not long ago was hunting for *me* about a week. Last night I dreamed that a highway man in a balloon was trying to break into my window, but was frightened away when he noticed my sword banging by the sash. This set me to thinking, after I got up, that before I went down I had better lock up and then bolt down. Again: one night I was really awakened by a particular, scoundrel who chose my room and was actually picking my lock. I seized my arms and he took to his legs. Such limbs as that are always walking around taking such steps to get along. His object was booty it shews well enough. I don't want to be ironical but it seems to me he must have had a sight of brass or be sadly in want of "tin" to come to a man of my metal to steal. Such a hard cheek—I wonder if he doesn't wash it with cast-steel soap? In a city like this no man need want money who has sense enough to make a dollar. There's plenty to "do" here—particularly strangers. When I first came here a fellow tried to "do" me out of ten dollars. I was walking through Chatham street and thought I would passover among the Jews. An injudicious Jew took me by the collar and got my choler up He might have thought he was acting like a christian in taking a stranger in. He thought I was panting for a new coat and panting for a new vest, (a pair of pants) and offered to sell me the suit which I knew wouldn't suit, being of a delicacy hardly so so for a man of my cloth, sew it seems. Sometimes these Jews keep open on Sundays displaying their goods. I asked one of them that had his clothes up why he didn't close up. He told me to shut up. I would have had him taken up for not taking his clothes down and putting them up, but I had heard two stories of there being two flaws in the law relating to these stores, so no Jewry could agree in the premises. I came near taking the law in my own hands, for if his habits had not been of so loose a character he could have fit me. I would have given "pork and beans," but he thought it wasn't jew-dishes and we didn't fight. When a Jew is sick, they treat him as if he was a Jew ill. That's right, let the Jews hang together, and be an example to the rest of the world.

The River Police will soon be in full tide of successful experiment. It will consist of twelve men of standing who will take their seats in their boats in a row and row along shore after the nine o'clock gun off, a report of which will be made known. The thieves infest the river in numbers, stealing such qualities as to amount to a large figure weekly. Somebody will have his scull broken if the two parties fight with their oars, and if the thieves get caught with their boats filled, they'll have little chance to get bailed out. Sometimes these thieves steal provisions, and if the police board them they will find the victuals.

Speaking of victuals, I dined in one of the Chatham street eating-houses yesterday. Told the waiter to bring me a chop. In half an hour, during which time I a waiter, he brought it. Let it drop. Looked chop-fallen. Called for chickens. (The bill of fare was principally fowl.) He brought it, and the chicken laid on my table. Noticed on some of the plates were beautiful cuts, nicely done, the work of the carver. One of the features of the bill of fare was pigs' feet, which, when stale, are given away as alms. Took particular notice of the man that opened oysters. He looked so austere—thought it was a stewdent. But "appearances are deceitful," as Mr. Kickets observed when he kicked a hat with a stone in it. Oysterman said when I asked him the day of the month, "its Stewsday or helse its Fry-day!" He was raw, although his name was Dunn. Never judge by appearances. For instance, white neckcloths and long faces are no evidence of piety. The man who "deceived" Miss Travis had on that uniform. And there's Jones's boy; he's the very picture of indolence, but its only yesterday he earned a shilling holding a clothes-horse while a band of music was passing. Yours, Jolly and Contented,

JOHN BOLIVAR.

## COOPERING A "WORKING" BEER BARREL.

A FELLOW named Driscoll, of Philadelphia, imagined that he was a beer barrel, and stationed himself in the corner, required his wife to fill him up with lager. She protested and told him to go about his work. He replied that beer barrels didn't go out to "work," but if she would pour fresh beer into him, he could "work" as other beer barrels do. If you are empty, said his spouse, your staves must be dry and hoops loose. They are, said Driscoll. Then I will tighten the hoops first, replied the wife, and taking her broomstick commenced like a cooper to pound all round the "barrel." I am "too tight now," said Driscoll. I know that, said his wife, and commenced striking upward to loosen the hoops, when Driscoll moved his pegs out of the door, foaming with rage; but when he cooled off he went about his "work." Nothing like cooperage, says Mrs. Driscoll, for a tight beer barrel, when it is dry.

A NONDESCRIPT.—Major Ammon, residing about twelve miles from Harrisburg, last Friday night shot a nondescript animal to which all who have seen it are unable to give a name. It was treed by the dogs of Mr. Ammon. The animal is about 18 inches in height, 3 feet 2 inches in length, and weighs 13 pounds. It is a black color, partly resembling the fox, cat and panther—possessing peculiarities of each, yet with no positive mark to identify it with either species. Major Ammon has stuffed it for preservation.

## IRISH DROLLERY.

An amusing story of Daines Barrington, Recorder of Bristol, is related by one of the British press. Having to appear for the plaintiff in a case at a wlster assize at Clonmel, he "let into" the defendant in no measured terms. The individual inveighed against, not being present, only heard of the invectives After Barrington, however, had got back to Dublin the Tipperary man lost no time in paying his compliments to the council. He rode all day and night, and, covered with sleet, arrived before Barrington's residence, in Harcourt street, Dublin. Throwing the bridle of his smoking horse over the railing of the area, he announced his arrival by a thundering knock at the door, which nearly shook the street. Barrington's valet answered the summons, and, opening the street door, beheld the apparaition of a rough coated Tipperary fire-eater, with a large stick under his arm, and the sleet sticking to his bushy whiskers.

"Is your master up," demanded the visitor, in a voice that gave some intimation of the object of his journey.

"No," answered the man.

"Then give him my compliments, and say Mr. Foley, (he'll know the name,) will be glad to see him."

The valet went up stairs and told his master, who was in bed, the purport of his visit.

"Then don't let Mr. Foley in for your life," said Barrington, "for it is not a hare and a brace of ducks he has come to present me with."

The man was leaving the bed room, when a rough wet coat pushed by him, while the thick voice said: "by your leave," at the same moment Mr. Foley entered the bed room.

"You know my business, sir," said he to Barrington, "I have made a journey to teach you manners, and it is not my purpose to return until I have broken every bone in your body," and at the same time he cut a figure eight before the cheval glass.

"You do not mean to say that you would murder me in bed," exclaimed Daines, who had as much honor and cool courage.

"No," replied the other, "but get up as soon as you can."

"Yes," replied Daines, "that you might fell me the moment I put my body out of the blankets."

"No," replied the other, "I pledge you my word not to touch you till you are out of bed."

"You won't?"

"I won't."

"Upon your honor?"

"On my honor."

"That is enough," said Daines, turning over and making himself very comfortable, and seeming as though he meant to fall asleep, "I have the honor of an Irish gentleman, and may rest as safe as though I were under the castle guard."

The Tipperary salamander looked marvelously astonished at the pretended sleeper, but soon Daines began to snore.

"Halloa!" said Foley, "aren't you going to get up?"

"No," said Daines, "I have the honor of an Irish gentleman that he will not strike me in bed, and I am sure I am not going to get up to have my bones broken; I will never get up again. In the mean time, Mr. Foley, if you should want your breakfast, ring the bell; and the best in the house is at your service. The morning paper will be here presently, but be sure to air it before reading, for there is nothing from which a man so quickly catches cold as in reading a damp journal," and Barrington once more affected to go to sleep.

The Tipperary man had fun in him as well as ferocity; he could not resist the cunning of the council, so, laughing aloud, he exclaimed:

"Get up, Mr. Barrington, for in bed or out of bed, I have not the heart to hurt so droll a heart!"

The result was that in less than an hour afterwards, Daines and his intended murderer were sitting down to a warm breakfast, the latter only intent upon assaulting a dish of smoking chops.

## THE DRUNKEN DONKEY.

IN a work published in England entitled "Sporting in Both Hemispheres," we find the following account of an East Indian event:

We were seated one day at tiffin in the mess room, when a travelling fakeer, or dervish, entered the "compound," leading a chetah, or leopard, blinded and muzzled, as a medium of procuring alms. One of our *old hands*, who had witnessed many wild beast fights and similar exhibitions in Mysore, considered this a good opportunity for attempting a very cruel experiment, which he had seen practised before, and, accordingly, the fakeer being communicated with, and paid for the use of his chetah, the animal was fastened by a long chain to a strong post in the centre of the ground. A donkey was then procured, and the greater part of a bottle of brandy poured, or rather forced down its throat. Neddy, upon feeling the effects of the *eau de vie*, began to make strange capers, and utter the loudest and most discordant braying that ever issued from asinine lungs. In the course of his evolutions, he approached the chetah, who had been relieved of his ocular incumbrances, and was crouching on the ground in a very menacing attitude, his head between his paws. No sooner had this unusual spectacle struck his observation, than with a bray of defiance, and turning towards him that part of his person not usually presented to society, he directed a straightforward kick with each hind leg full on the muzzle of the "leopard couchant," which had not only the effect of arousing him from any dreamy aberration he might have been indulging in, but also of separating the ligaments that fastened it. A roar! a bound! and in a second the chetah was on the donkey's back, his claws buried in the shoulder, and his fangs in the neck of the unfortunate beast, whose horrible cries it was dreadful to hear. The fakeer had lost all control over him; and terror (and drunkenness as well, I presume) had so overpowered the donkey, that he did not attempt to escape beyond the range of the chain to which the leopard was attached, and thus drag himself away from the terrible embrace of his enemy, but rolled over on the ground, the chetah still retaining his hold, and still sucking his life-blood. The scene was not of long continuance; the poor donkey soon fell a victim to his temerity, or rather the cruel experiment that had been played upon him; indeed, every one was sorry for the tragic *denouement*, but could in no way assist to prevent it, an enraged leopard not being a pleasant animal to meddle with. After gorging himself with blood, he again slunk away into a recumbent position, and apparently fell into a *siesta* after his dinner, during which time his master managed, much to our astonishment, to muzzle and blind him, without any opposition on his part, and to lead him away, the animal exhibiting the utmost docility. The power of the natives over wild animals and reptiles is certainly very surprising; indeed, it seems to be almost fabulous; but in what the secret consists by which they can tame the most venomous serpents, and reduce to quiet submission the most savage and treacherous of animals, is only known to themselves, as I fancy they have not imparted it to Europeans, even in these days of knowledge and progress.

## "I'LL PLAY IT ALONE."

AT a euchre party an evening or two ago, one of the members indulged pretty freely in milk with whiskey in it. Indeed; he overloaded his stomach; and as a natural consequence had to leave the room for the purpose of "casting up his accounts." Rising from the table, his legs failed him, and he stumbled headlong into the lap of a spectator.

"Shall I *assist* you?" said his friend, commiserating his pitiable condition.

"No," said he, as a tremendous gulp relieved him of at least a half pint of undigested punch, "Hic—no—I'll—I'll—hic—*I'll play it alone!*"